

THE CENTRAL RECORD.

TWENTY NINTH YEAR

LANCASTER, KY., THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 8, 1918.

NUMBER 19.



CONDITIONS ARE SUCH THAT
certain kind of farming implements are very hard to get. If you are interested and need anything in this line, give us your order now.

Conn Brothers.
LIVE AND LET LIVE FOLKS.

Bole ties for sale.
Hudson, Hughes & Farnau.

Remember the date of "Pershing's Crusaders" at Romans Opera House Wednesday, August 14th. You may see your son, brother or sweetheart in this great picture. Matinee 2:30 and night at 8 o'clock.

As I need the money to meet my city bills, I would be glad if those indebted to me, would please call and settle.
Rella Arnold Francis.

Opera House, Friday Night—See the Heart of a Slacker.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.—Seed Wheat cleaned to your order. It pays to reclaim your wheat.
Hudson, Hughes & Farnau.

RECORD W. S. S. SALES

Receipts of \$16,431,933, July 9, from War-Savings and Thrift-Stamp sales were the largest of any single day since these securities were offered to the public. Sales during the first nine days of July totaled \$46,552,529.

Romans Opera House WEDNESDAY AUG 14



PERSHING'S CRUSADERS

Following the Flag to France
OVER HERE and OVER THERE

Taken by U. S. Signal Corps and Navy Photographers and the French General Staff.

Released by the Committee on Public Information, Geo. Creel, Chm.

See what our boys are doing in France The Americans in the Front Line.

The Truth About The War.

TO THE PUBLIC:—These official pictures will give the people of this city their first opportunity of seeing our boys in action in France; to understand just what these months of preparation have brought about in combating our common enemy; to enable the worker in the munition factories, the toiler in the field, in fact, every man woman and child who is doing his or her part to visualize the results of their labor to the present time. They will show those who so generously subscribed to the Liberty War Loans, Red Cross, Knights of Columbus, Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army; and other campaigns just what their money has accomplished.

AN EYE-OPENER FOR THOSE WHO HAVE LISTENED TO THE LIES OF THE HUN.

None can afford to Miss this.

Admission 25 and 35 cents.

All can afford to go.



HON. E. P. MORROW HERE

Another prospective candidate for governor in the person of the Hon. Edwin P. Morrow has been a visitor in our town during the past two days on legal business. Mr. Morrow has many friends here who will always give him the glad hand and many who would like to vote for him for governor, should he decide to enter the race again. He went to Lexington yesterday but has promised to return today and give a patriotic address at the Wm. Conference which is in session today.

RED CROSS NOTES

Work in the Garrard County Chapter of the Red Cross is progressing nicely and much work has been turned off during the past ten days. By working every day the chapter has completed 200 hospital shirts in one week. Its full quotas of 150 boys undershirts were shipped last week; sixty-five more sweaters were sent this week, making a total of 130 which have been shipped out of the quota of 250, which was asked to be in by September 1st. All workers are asked to bring their scissors with them to the Red Cross rooms.

JUDGE CARROLL HERE.

Following up his usual custom of visiting his friends throughout the district at least every two years, Judge John D. Carroll dropped into Lancaster last Tuesday and was mingling with his friends here most of the day. Judge Carroll is prominently mentioned as a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor, although he told a representative of this paper that he was not as yet an avowed candidate.

He has been nominated and elected Judge of the Court of Appeals twice without opposition in his own party or from the republicans, and has many friends throughout the state who would like to see him governor.

VOLUNTEERS CALLED FOR SPECIAL TRAINING.

Two colored boys have volunteered for special training, as Auto mechanics and will be sent to Pine Bluff, Ark., on August 14th. Under another call for special mechanics, to report at Indianapolis, on August 14th, the following volunteers from Class one will be sent; Roy W. Zatrige, Paint Lick, Ernest Colston, Crab Orchard, Ky., Thos. E. Ralston, Paint Lick, Ky., and Chester Lewis of this city. These are to report to the Commanding Officer of Detachment No. 2. On the same date one man will be sent to Auburn, Ala., at the Polytechnic Institute to do carpenter duty. This honor has been given to Charley Creech, of Lancaster Route No. 1.

The Board has received orders to reclassify those of the 1917 registrants who have the least dependents, as a call for Kentucky to furnish 10,000 men in August, means that this country will send its largest number. We are informed that the country is now about 43 men behind in its quota's. This will naturally have to be made up and those that have already been placed in Class one should be expected to be called during the present month.

ARMY OF 5,000,000 MEN.

SAYS GENERAL MARCH IN URGING PROMPT ENACTMENT OF NEW MAN-POWER BILL.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—In urging enactment of the administration man power bill extending draft ages from eighteen to forty-five years, Gen. March told the Senate Military Committee today that the War Department plans an army of approximately 5,000,000 men to be raised as soon as possible.

While realizing the importance of the measure, Gen. March said he did not believe it necessary to recall Congress before the present recess plan expires on August 24, providing the bill could be reported at that time.

About July 30, Gen. March said the United States reached a decision to enlarge its military program to carry out the policies agreed upon at the recent Inter-allied conference at Paris to speed up prosecution of the war and bring it to an early conclusion.

Provost Marshal General Crowder told the committee that unless the legislation was acted upon quickly, it would be necessary to have weekly registrations of youths attaining the age of twenty-one in order to meet demands for men in September.

Opera House, Friday Night—See the Heart of a Slacker.

HORRIBLE.

THOMAS DISHON KILLS HIS WIFE INSTANTLY

THEN TURNS WEAPON ON SELF RESULTING IN HIS DEATH FORTY EIGHT HOURS LATER.

This community and city were thoroughly shocked and horrified last Sunday afternoon when it was heralded abroad that Thomas Dishon, aged about 43 years and son of Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Dishon, of this county had shot and instantly killed his wife, near their home two miles from Lancaster on the Crab Orchard pike. After firing four shots into her body, either of which would have proved fatal, he turned the deadly weapon upon himself, inflicting one wound, which proved fatal, he dying from its effect Tuesday evening at eight o'clock.

The killing took place about eight o'clock Sunday afternoon when many people were passing in automobiles. Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson were returning from Crab Orchard and witnessed the horrible tragedy, being only a few yards away.

Neighbors who lived near heard the heart-rending screams of the poor woman, for before the fatal shots were fired, he had first tied her with a rope in the barn and had gone to his house, which was about two hundred yards away, to get his pistol, with which to end her life. It was while being tied, that her screams attracted the neighbors, but before they could reach her, she had released herself and ran rapidly down the road, trying perhaps to reach the home of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor House, who lived near by. She was overtaken in the road by Dishon, and while he held her by one hand he fired the fatal shots. She still had the rope tied about her body, when removed from the street into the house.

Dishon was found lying only a few yards away, with one shot in his abdomen. When asked why the rope was on his wife, he replied and told in detail how he had tied her in the barn, and how she escaped while he went for the pistol.

He asked that a doctor be sent for and that he be given something to relieve his suffering.

His wife had gone to the barn to milk and it was while performing these household and farm duties that he tied her with the rope.

They had returned from Wilmore about one hour before the shooting where they had spent the day, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Rigby, accompanying them over and back.

Mrs. Dishon was 33 years old, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Conn, formerly of this county, but now living in Wilmore. She had many relations in this and adjoining counties and was a woman of splendid character and well liked by her neighbors and all with whom she came in contact.

The remains were taken to Wilmore Monday afternoon where the interment took place Tuesday morning. She is survived by four sisters and four brothers.

Dishon was removed to the home of his parents, who live two miles further down the same pike.

Medical aid was summoned and everything known to the science was resorted to in order to save his life. But he asked to die and said it was the quickest way to end it all. He died Tuesday evening at eight o'clock and will be buried in the Lancaster cemetery today.

Mr. Dishon owned about 100 acres of land where he lived and had recently purchased a new Franklin car for which he paid \$1,900.

A court of inquiry is being held before coroner, S. H. Anderson and many witnesses were examined yesterday. On account of some absent witnesses, the inquest was postponed until Friday morning at ten o'clock.

JAMES AN EASY WINNER.

Senator Ollie M. James had easy sailing in the Democratic primary last Saturday, winning the nomination for United States Senator by an overwhelming majority from W. P. Kimball.

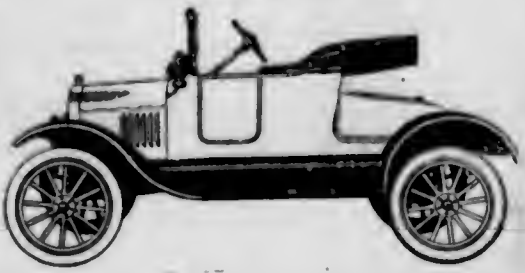
Garrard county did her share in almost making his nomination unanimous, he receiving 312 votes to his opponents 10. The complimentary vote is an appreciation in which he is held in this county and the great record he has made at Washington.

The Republicans polled a very light vote, Bruner receiving 153 votes in the county, while Berthum received 108, giving the former a majority of 45 votes.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Take good care of your Ford. The war is reducing the output of motor cars, therefore see that your present Ford is kept in smooth running condition that you may get the full satisfactory service it is built to give. Bring it to us that our experienced workman may keep it in first class condition. They know how to do it. We use only genuine Ford materials and make Ford factory prices. Let us take care of your Ford and it will serve you fine every day in the year.

HASELDEN BROS.
GARAGE.
LANCASTER, KY.



BOARD OF INSTRUCTION

Named By Local Selective Board.

Under instructions and with the sanction of Provost Marshal, General E. H. Crowder, the Local Selective Board has named a Board of Instruction whose duties it is to prepare the selectives prior to their call into active service. The plan is to include all such measures as are best calculated to prepare the selectives to go to camp willing, loyal, intelligent, clean and sober, and thus better fit them for rapid progress in their military education after joining the army.

This board will perform its work by individual interviews and group meetings with the selectives, by giving advice and instruction on all subjects that are necessary and useful to their future military life.

The following compose the Board of Instruction for Garrard county, as named by the Local Board:

Rev. J. R. Moorman, Chairman,

Hon. L. L. Walker, Rev. H. S. Hudson, Mayor John M. Duncan, Mr. J. W. Miller and Dr. J. A. Amos.

SOLDIER DROWNED

Looses Life at Camp Beauregard, La.

A telegram to his father last Tuesday brought the sad news that Reather Long, aged 23 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Long of this county had drowned at Camp Beauregard, La., in the St. Charles river last Sunday afternoon, while bathing. He was suddenly seized with cramps and drowned before assistance could reach him.

Reather was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Long and was sent from this county to Camp Taylor on May 25th, inst. He was afterwards transferred to Camp Beauregard. A letter from him to his father came the day before the announcement of his death, in which he said he was enjoying the soldier life to the fullest and that none of the family should worry about his health as he was perfectly well.

The body will be brought to Lancaster and the burial will take place in the Lancaster cemetery some time near the last of the week.

The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the distressed family in the loss of the splendid young man.

Ballards Wheat Flour, the best made, Ballards Corn Flour, the best substitute for Wheat Flour, Kiln dried corn meal.

Hudson, Hughes & Farnau.

RAINEY--HENDREN.

Another wartime wedding, exciting an unusual amount of interest was solemnized last Thursday afternoon at the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Rainey, when their daughter, Miss Lida Taylor Rainey, was united in marriage to Dr. Jesse J. Hendren, of the United States Navy.

Only the close friends and relatives were gathered in the parlor of Mr. Rainey's beautiful home on Stanford street, to witness the ceremony which was spoken by the brides pastor, Rev. J. R. Moorman.

While the familiar but ever beautiful "Bridal March" from Lohengrin" was rendered by Miss Helen Gill, the couple entered, attended by Miss Couston Alexander of Wilmore, and Mr. Owen S. Hendren. As the words of the impressive ceremony were pronounced which united these young people by the most sacred of all ties, many were the fond hopes and prayers which went out for their happiness and well being.

The bride was lovely in a traveling suit and hat of dark brown and together with the groom in his handsome uniform of an officer in the United States Navy, made a striking picture.

Immediately after the ceremony the radiant young couple went to Danville where they took the train for New York.

Miss Lida Rainey is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rainey. She is a young lady of much beauty and accomplishments, possessing qualities which have endeared her to old and young alike and which will make her a helpful and lovable companion.

Dr. J. J. Hendren, Senior Surgeon on the U. S. S. Albany, bearing the rank of Lieutenant Senior Grade, has seen quite a little service since the war began, having made a number of trips across the Atlantic. A host of friends wish this young couple the greatest happiness and the best of luck and "bon voyage" on this their latest and greatest embarkation, "on the Sea of Matrimony."

Opera House, Friday Night—See the Heart of a Slacker.

NOTICE

To The Tax Payers of Garrard County:--

Under the law you are required to come to my office and list your property. As the time is limited, you are requested to call at once.

Very Respectfully,

A. T. SCOTT, Co. Tax Commissioner

TWO-FABRIC FROCK

Voile and Organdie Found Harmonious for Blending.

Old-Fashioned Calico is One of the Newcomers Among the Favored Materials.

Gray gaberdine and navy satin are combined in this simple little frock, sleeves and yoke being of navy georgette. The belt, sleeve band and narrow border of the satin bodice are of gaberdine braided in navy. This dress fastens in the center back, and the pleated skirt is drawn in barem fashion at the hem, so as to avoid a flare which is not fashionable this season. If desired the dress might be made up in two shades of linen with sleeves and yoke of sheer net or fine voile, or it may be entirely of satin either in one or two colors, with sleeves and yoke of net or georgette.

Two-fabric dresses have had an amazing vogue this season, and a woman who is economically inclined may utilize the narrow part of a last season's frock with sufficient new material to piece it out.

Heavy and light-weight linen are combined in summer dresses; voile and organdie are found harmonious fab-



Graceful Two-Fabric Frock.

rics for blending, and a great deal of fine cotton net is used both with voile and organdie.

One of the newest comers in the field is old-fashioned calico, which is made up into charming simple little frocks, with collar and cuffs, belt, etc., of white linen or pique. Sometimes a surprise waist has long ends that continue to the back of the frock, where they are tied in a high, wide bow, and occasionally these ends are finished all around with an inch wide ruffle of self fabric. Tuffles and tucks trim the skirts. These calico dresses, it is believed, will be strong rivals of the gingham dresses, introduced last season and revived for 1918.

SMOCKS IN STYLE THIS YEAR

Garment Grace Various Social Functions—Crepes, Linens and Pongees Still Used.

Smocks which had great vogue last year for garden and sport wear have become more fashionable this year and now grace all kinds of social functions. The finer materials of last year, the crepes, linens and pongees are still used for the ordinary smocks, but those for dress wear are of the sheerest georgettes and some dainty ones make use of organdie and voile, especially in printed patterns.

Originality is given free play in the designing of these garments and some very beautiful ones have been inspired by Japanese mandarin coats, Russian native costumes and other oriental garments.

Printed voile or printed georgette embroidered in some bright-colored yarns will give the desired effect. The sleeves are those three-quarter length affairs with tiny bolls weighting down the corners. The belt with its pouch pocket directly in the front is typically Indian. Instead of holding arrow heads or food as it did in the long ago days it holds Miss America's hall of fame while she knits at her afternoon party.

Velvet Hats.

If the cost of velvet continues to increase hats of this fabric for autumn will of necessity be small in size—that is if they are to be popular, for otherwise they would be too great a luxury for the average woman and this would be unfortunate, as velvet hats are so generally becoming.

The hand of the government, with its five fingers gripping every part of the continent has reached out and touched those women who have made their living by shuttling across the ocean and bringing back to America what is wanted from France. The government has said that no women shall have passports unless they are going to work for the war, and even then they cannot be self-appointed missionaries or impulsive emotionists. They must be sent for by workers over there, and they must give guarantee that the work will be done, and that in every way they will fulfill their mission in the best of their ability.

Now we, like France and England, are to be restricted. It seems a pity to many that women buyers who are willing to go to Paris to bring back clothes



This classic Grecian gown is made in one piece, of pearl-gray jersey, with its toga effect on one shoulder of slate-gray velvet. The belt is gray suede with silver buckles.

are to be forbidden that privilege. A few men buyers will be allowed to go after the government has thoroughly searched their reasons for the attempt and given them a permission that is hedged about with as many restrictions as though it were signed by a military governor.

Under the pressure of these conditions the American buyers think they will not go to Paris this year, and the rumor persists that only a very few of the French houses will show gowns.

Hundreds of New Fashions.

It may be that under the present conditions created by our government and seconded by the French, the newspapers and the fashion illustrators will become, in the new military term, liaison officers. They will be able to interpret from one general to another speaking different languages.

In the meantime we are all quite eager about the new American output. The first touch of its sanity is shown in the fact that materials suitable for our climate have been chosen for the summer gowns.

Organdie is too well known to be more than barely mentioned, but the fact that it has appeared for evening gowns is a comfort to many who did not know what to wear when asked to dinner on a hot summer night.

Another sane thing that the designers over here have done which was of necessity is to launch gowns in the materials, whether thin or not, and in the colors, whether vivid or dull, that can be easily purchased in any part of this country.

Each season the yardage in Paris has grown less. Each season the transportation has become more difficult and uncertain. If the American public accepted gowns of a different material and color from the original, then the dressmakers over here would realize a profit on their initial expense, but the French do not always make gowns that can be copied in other fabrics and colors.

Materials We Will Wear.

As we have taffeta, America is introducing gowns of it in slate gray, in black, in dark blue covered with tulle, in pale blue touched, Watteau-like, with a box plait at the back and a group of pink roses at the waist.

Georgette crepe and chiffon are also plentiful, and both fabrics are used in a large number of interesting gowns.

Satin holds its own. Tulle and silk net remain in the best possible taste. Japanese and Chinese crepes, brocades, pongees and silks, which seem to be easily obtainable from the East these days, have been worked up by American designers into frocks that exactly suit our temperature.

Sport coats of shantung and the thick, fine weave of Chinese pongee, have been quickly offered by our designers to substitute sweaters, satins, sleeveless jackets and velvet, pocketed coats. These are lined with oblique crepe sometimes and are worn over plain or striped skirts.

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LOUISVILLE MACHINIST REGAINS STRENGTH BY TAKING VIN HEPATICA.

Was Very Weak and Nervous—Couldn't Sleep Well—Now All Right.

Mr. J. K. Traylor, machinist of 4th and K Sts., Louisville, Ky., stopped into the Taylor Isaacs Store, Third and Jefferson Streets, and said:

"I want six more bottles of Vin Hepatica. I have used two bottles for my nervousness, weakness back ache, loss of sleep, and loss of appetite, and have had such good results that I want six bottles of it to make me sure that I will have it on hand. I feel 100 per cent better than I did, have regained my appetite, am able to sleep, and am feeling stronger and better in every way."

Like hundreds of others, he saw

in the papers what it had been doing for the sick and suffering everywhere and he came in and invested it, saw it was a real nature remedy. And he tried it just like you ought to try it if you are feeling all run down, nervous, or have any pains in your back, are bothered with indigestion or other stomach, liver, or kidney trouble. It is a mighty fine spring tonic too. It puts the pep in your step, makes you feel like a new person. Come in and get a bottle and try it on our recommendation.

R. E. McRoberts, Lancaster, Ky.

BUENA VISTA

Miss Henrietta Myers is at home for a short visit.

Rev. J. W. Hughes and wife, spent Saturday, with Mrs. Nettie Ison.

Miss Marie Ruble has returned from her grand mothers. She has also been attending the Camp meeting.

Mrs. Sam Wilson and daughters, and son, are visiting in Owen county.

Mr. Will Scott is getting along fine in building his new house.

Miss Annie Sechrest is on the sick list.

Mr. Sidney Peor has purchased a new Ford car.

Mr. Don Askins is at home again on account of the Camp being full.

Mr. Mark Jennings made a business trip to Danville, last week.

Mr. Chas. E. Ison has bought Mrs. Mit Hamilton's farm, near Buena Vista.

Mrs. Howard Lane, of Dayton, Tenn., is with her mother, for a short stay.

Mr. Edwin J. Scott, of Buena Vista has enlisted as an apprentice seaman.

Rye wanted. Highest market price.

Hudson, Hughes & Faenau.

Several from here attended the Camp Meeting at Wilmore, Ky.

Miss Ruth Lane is at home for a short stay.

Mrs. Howard Lane, of Dayton, Tenn., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Nannie Jennings.

Mr. Ben Allen and family of Lexington, spent Sunday with Mrs. Laura

Naylor.

Miss Nettie Askins and Miss Ruth Lane left Monday for Antioch, where they will resume their school duties.

Miss Henrietta Mayes, who is taking a three years nursing course at St. Joseph's Hospital, at Lexington, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mayes.

Miss Ann Dietrich of Nicholasville is the guest of Miss Sadie Ruble.

Mrs. H. S. Christopher has returned to Lexington, after a visit to friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ruble have received a letter from their son, Raymond who is serving in the Navy, saying he was well pleased with the Sailors life and was stationed at Brest France.

Mr. Edwin Scott is expected to leave shortly as he has enlisted in the U. S. Navy.

LANCASTER LADY'S OPERATION NOT SUCCESSFUL.

"16 years ago I was operated for appendicitis and later operated again for gall stones. Neither did me any good and I suffered all kinds of torture since. Five years ago I took May's Wonderful Remedy and have felt no symptoms or pain since. All stomach sufferers should take it." It is a simple harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded.

R. E. McRoberts.

Aluminum in Transformers.
Aluminum has been suggested as a substitute for copper in transformer windings. Dealing with heat dissipation, temperature rise, comparative costs of the different materials and other important factors, it appears that the advantages are still with copper, however.—Scientific American.

Fish Culture.

Fish culture, it is claimed, is an old science! It goes back to an early date in the history of China, and its origin is lost in antiquity. In 1763 Stephen L. Jacob, a Prussian soldier, devised a process of stripping the female fish of her spawn and then mixing it with the milt of the male. This simple method is still in use at all fish-hatching establishments.

Valuable Cement.

A cement for making repairs on switchboards when iron or other metal has to be fastened to marble may be made from 30 parts plaster of paris, 10 parts iron filings and half a part sal ammoniac. These are mixed with acetic acid to form a thin paste. It is imperative that this cement be used immediately after it has been mixed.

Wayside Ministries.

This is a hurray age, as we often remind ourselves, and many tasks which we would like to accomplish must perform remain unattended to. But for some things there is always time. Duty can always be done. Kindness can always be shown. Wayside ministries need not be neglected. There is never an excuse for the haste that makes waste; there is always room, in the case of a man who, with divine help, plans his life for a certain amount of self-culture and such necessity.

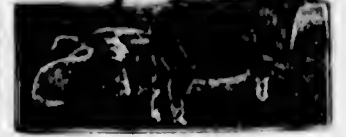
Grippe?

Got it? Here's the remedy. It's helped millions. Has a half century record of use. First dose brings relief. Try it. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. King's NEW Discovery for Coughs & Colds

Keep Bowel Movement Regular
Dr. King's New Life Pills keep you in a healthy condition. Rid the body of poisons and waste. Improve your complexion by keeping the bowels regular. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Effective but mild.

LIVE STOCK



POINTS OF BREEDING SHEEP

In Selection of Stock Consider Qualities the Market Demands for Mutton and Wool.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

While all breeds have the general form and characters of the type in which they are classed, all pointed sheep possess certain distinguishing features which are inherent in the breed and which receive the attention of breeders. These breed characters may have little value in themselves, yet they are a mark of breeding and give assurance that the animals will breed true to type. Included in such breed characteristics are such points as size, color markings, presence or absence of horns, and peculiarity of shape. These differences make it essential for the different breeds to have different score cards or standards of excellence which give consideration to these points. If one is selecting purebred sheep for breeding purposes, he must know the breed type as represented by the excellence for the breed. Score cards for the leading breeds may be obtained from the secretaries of the breed associations listed in Farmers' Bulletin 554, "Breeds of Sheep for the Farm."

Whether one is breeding purebred sheep or is engaged in raising up a common flock in the selection of breeding stock he should consider the qualities the market demands for wool and mutton. In addition to the application of market and breed standards, stock intended for breeding should be considered from the point of view of progeny in transmitting their good features and proficiencies in reproduction. These qualities are indicated by what is known as sex character.

To be a long-lived, regular, and potent breeder, the ewe must have a strong constitution and show a strong maternal nature and present a feminine appearance. The ewe should have finer features about the head and a more slender neck than the ram. She should have plenty of room for



Yearling Dorset Ram.

the growth and developing fetus. To provide well for early nursing lambs, she should give an abundance of milk. Breeding ewes should never be excessively fat, as they are so often in the show ring.

The ram should be purebred and show breed character and quality in strong form, because it is largely through him that improvement is secured for the flock. To be potent, the ram also must show a good deal of sex character; that is, there should be no doubt at first glance that he is a ram. He should have greater size than the ewe and a decidedly masculine appearance, indicated by a general bulkiness of the head, with a thickness of neck giving a suggestion of massiveness. He should have every indication of boldness, vim and vigor as denoted by a brisk movement and a bold, energetic look through a bright, clear eye. A breeding ram should not be excessively fat, yet he should at all times be kept in good condition.

CHEAP SOURCE OF PROTEIN

Leguminous Pastures Act as Mild Laxative and Tonic to Keep Hops in Condition.

The forage, especially from leguminous pastures, furnishes a cheap source of protein, supplies ash for bone making, adds bulk to the ration, and acts as a mild laxative and tonic to keep the hog's system in condition to utilize profitably the concentrated feeds.

Several Kinds of Millet.

Millet is of several kinds, which is somewhat confusing to the planter. Japanese millet is very commonly sown, and is perhaps the best for sowing as well as hay. It grows to a height of six or seven feet in fertile soil and produces very heavily.

PUBLIC SALE

As agent for the heirs of the late Mrs John Meadows, and in order to settle up the estate, we will on

Wednesday Aug. 14, '18

beginning promptly at ten o'clock, sell at public auction the farm known as part of the Jesse Doty farm located at Hiattsville, Ky, and containing 94 acres, of well improved land. Located on this farm is a good six room dwelling, with all necessary outbuildings, including a new tobacco and stock barn. The farm is well watered and in a high state of cultivation, all being in grass except about 16 acres which is now in corn.

Terms and possession made known on day of sale.

At the same time and place the following personalty will be sold: One good Jersey cow; one young calf; three hogs weighing about 140 pounds each; one buggy and harness one farm wagon; one cutting harrow; one two-horse corn planter; one mowing machine and rake; two turning plows; 1500 tobacco sticks; and other things too numerous to mention.

ANCIL AND CRIT MEADOWS

HIATTSVILLE, KY.

CAPT. A. M. BOURNE, Auctioneer.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in real battle "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the star-protagonist "Tommy."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German fighter circles over the congested lines. CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI—Back in rear billets, Empey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

CHAPTER VII—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

CHAPTER VIII—Back in the front-line trench, Empey sees his first friend at the trenches "Old West."

CHAPTER IX—Empey makes his first visit to a dugout in "Suicide Ditch."

CHAPTER X—Empey learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

CHAPTER XI—Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a beyond thrust.

CHAPTER XII—Empey joins the "suicide club" as the bombing squad is called.

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"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

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Continued from last week.

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and poking fun at D company, had luck to you! but you won't get another chance to disgrace us. They'll put your lights out in the morning!"

After listening to this tirade, Lloyd, in a faltering voice, asked: "They are not going to shoot me, are they? Why, the other sentry said they'd pardon me. For God's sake—don't tell me I'm to be shot!" and his voice died away in a sob.

"Of course, they're going to shoot you. The other sentry was just a kid—diddle you. Just like old Smith. Always a-tryin' to cheer some one. You ain't got no more chance of bein' pardoned than I have of gettin' to be colonel of my 'batt'."

When the fact that all hope was gone finally entered Lloyd's brain, a calm seemed to settle over him, and rising to his knees, with his arms stretched out to heaven, he prayed, and all of his soul entered into the prayer.

"O, good and merciful God, give me strength to die like a man! Deliver me from this coward's death. Give me a chance to die like my mates in the fighting line, in die fighting for my country. I ask this of thee."

A peace, hitherto unknown, came to him, and he crouched and cowered no more, but calmly waited the dawn, ready to go to his death. The shells were bursting all around the guardroom, but he hardly noticed them.

While waiting there, the voice of the sentry, singing in a low tone, came to him. He was singing the chorus of the popular trench ditty:

I want to go home, I want to go home,
I don't want to go to the trenches no more,
Where the "whizzbangs" and "suasages" four gallop
Take me over the top, where the Alledmand can't get at me.
Oh, my, I don't want to die! I want to go home.

Lloyd listened to the words with a strange interest, and wondered what kind of a home he would go to across the Great Divide. It would be the only home he had ever known.

Suddenly there came a great rushing through the air, a blinding, a deafening report, and the scolding walls of the guardroom toppled over, and then—blackness.

When Lloyd recovered consciousness, he was lying on his right side, facing what used to be the entrance of the guardroom. Now, it was only a jumble of rent and torn sandbags. His head seemed hurtling. He slowly rose on his elbow and there in the east the dawn was breaking. But what was that mangled shape lying over there among the sandbags? Slowly dragging himself to it, he saw the body of the sentry. One look was enough to know that he was dead. The soldier's head was missing. The sentry had had his wish gratified. He had "gone home." He was safe at last from the "whizzbangs" and the Alledmand.

Like a flash it came to Lloyd that he was free. Free to go "over the top" with his company. Free to die like a true Briton fighting for his king and country. A great gladness and warmth came over him. Carefully stepping over the body of the sentry, he started on a mad race down the ruined street of the village, amid the hursting shells, minding them not, dodging through or around hurrying platoons on their way to also go "over the top." Coming to a communication trench he could not get through. It was blocked with laughing, cheering and cursing soldiers. Climbing out of the trench, he ran wildly along the top, never heeding the rain of machine-gun bullets and shells, not even hearing the shouts of the officers, telling him to get back into the trench. He was going to join his company who were in the front line. He was going to fight with them. He, the despised coward, had come into his own.

While he was racing along, jumping over trenches crowded with soldiers, a ringing cheer broke out all along the front line, and his heart sank. He knew he was too late. His company had gone over. But still he ran madly. He would catch them. He would die with them.

Meanwhile his company had gone "over." They, with the other companies had taken the first and second German trenches, and had pushed steadily on to the third line. It company, led by their captain, the one who had sent Lloyd to division headquarters for trial, charged with desertion, had pushed steadily forward until they found themselves far in advance of the rest of the attacking force. "Bombing out" trench after trench, and using their bayonets, they came to a German communication trench, which ended in a blind spot, and then the captain, and what was left of his men, knew they were in a trap. They would not retire. D company never retired, and they were D company. Right in front of them they could see hundreds of Germans preparing to rush them with bomb and bayonet. They would have some chance if ammunition and bombs could reach them from the rear. Their supply was exhausted, and the men realized it would be a case of dying as bravely as possible, or making a run for it. But it company would not run. It was against their traditions and principles.

The Germans would have to advance across an open space of three to four hundred yards before they could get within bombing distance of the trench, and then it would be all their own way.

Turning to his company, the captain said:

"Men, it's a case of going West for us. We are out of ammunition and bombs, and the Boches have us in a trap. They will bomb us out. Our bayonets are useless here. We will have to go over and meet them, and it's a case of thirty to one, so send every thrust home, and die like the men of D company should. When I give the word, follow me, and up and

at them. Give them hell—Lord, if we only had a machine gun, we could wipe them out! Here they come, get ready, men!"

Just as he finished speaking, the welcome "pup-pup" of a machine gun in their rear rang out, and the front line of the hursting Germans seemed to melt away. They wavered, but once again came rushing onward. Down went their second line. The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. Then again they tried to advance, but the machine gun mowed them down. Dropping their rifles and bombs, they broke and fled in a wild rush back to their trench, amid the cheers of "D" company. They were forming again for another attempt, when in the rear of it company came a mighty cheer. The ammunition had arrived and with it a battalion of Scotch to re-enforce them. They were saved. The unknown machine gunner had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

With the re-enforcements it was an easy task to take the third German line.

After the attack was over, the captain and three of his noncommissioned officers, wended their way back to the position where the machine gun had done its deadly work. He wanted to thank the gunner in the name of it company for his magnificent deed. They arrived at the gun, and an awful sight met their eyes.

Lloyd had reached the front line trench, after his company had left it. A strange company was slowly crawling up the trench ladders. They were re-enforcements going over. They were Scotchmen, and they made a magnificent sight in their brightly colored kilts and bare knees.

Jumping over the trench, Lloyd raced across "No Man's Land," unheeding the rain of bullets, leaping over dark forms on the ground, some of which lay still, while others called out to him as he neared the past.

He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded—a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Leaping trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-ended sap of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they so strangely silent? What were they waiting for? Then he knew—their ammunition was exhausted.

But what was that on his right? A machine gun. Why didn't it open fire and save them? He would make that gun's crew do their duty. Hushing over to the gun he saw why it had not opened fire. Scattered around its base lay six still forms. They had brought their gun to consolidate the captured position, but a German machine gun had decreed they would never fire again.

Lloyd rushed to the gun and, grasping the traversing handles, trained it on the Germans. He pressed the thumb piece, but only a sharp click was the result. The gun was unloaded. Then he realized his helplessness. He did not know how to load the gun. Oh, why hadn't he attended the machine-gun course in England? He'd been offered the chance, but with a blush of shame he remembered that he had been afraid. The nickname of the machine gunners had frightened him. They were called the "Suicide club." Now, because of this fear, his company would be destroyed, the men of D company would have to die, because he, Albert Lloyd, had been afraid of a name. In his shame he cried like a baby. Anyway he could die with them and, rising to his feet, he stumped over the body of one of the gunners who emitted a faint moan. A gleam of hope flashed through him. Perhaps this man could tell him how to load the gun. Stooping over the body he gently shook it and the soldier opened his eyes. Seeing Lloyd, he closed them again and, in a faint voice, said: "Get away, you blighter, leave me alone. I don't want any coward around me."

The words cut Lloyd like a knife, but he was desperate. Taking the revolver out of the holster of the dying man he pressed the cold muzzle to the soldier's head and replied:

"Yes, it is Lloyd, the coward of Company D, but so help me God, if you don't tell me how to load that gun I'll put a bullet through your brain!"

A sunny smile came over the countenance of the dying man and he said in a faint whisper:

"Good old boy! I knew you wouldn't disgrace our company."

Lloyd interposed: "For God's sake, if you want to save that company you are so proud of, tell me how to load that d—d gun!"

As if reciting a lesson in school, the soldier replied in a weak, slurring voice: "Insert tag end of belt in feed block, with left hand pull belt left front. Pull crank handle back on roller, let go, and repeat motion. Gun is now loaded. To fire, raise automatic safety latch, and press thumbpiece. Gun is now firing. If gun stops, ascertain position of crank handle—"

But Lloyd waited for no more. With wild joy at his heart, he took a belt from one of the ammunition boxes lying beside the gun, and followed the dying man's instructions. Then he pressed the thumbpiece and a burst of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working.

Training it on the Germans he shouted for joy as their front rank went down.

Traversing the gun back and forth along the mass of Germans, he saw them break and run back to the cover of their trench, leaving their dead and wounded behind. He had saved his company, he, Lloyd, the coward, had "done his bit." Releasing the thumb-

piece, he looked at the watch on his wrist. He was still alive at "8:33." "Ping!"—a bullet sang through the air, and Lloyd fell forward across the gun. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face from a little, black round hole in his forehead.

"The sentence of the court had been 'duly carried out!'"

The captain slowly raised the limp form drooping over the gun and, wiping the blood from the white face, recognized it as Lloyd, the coward of D company. Reverently covering the face with his handkerchief he turned to his "noncoms" and, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed them:

"Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero—died that his mates might live."

That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery. In the front a stretcher was carried by two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company.

Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground.

A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "These cowardly blighters who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his neck his trip West would be short."

The corpse on the stretcher seemed to move, or it might have been the wind blowing the folds of the Union Jack.

CHAPTER XXV.

Preparing for the Big Push.

Beginning Atwell after the execution I had a hard time trying to keep my secret from him. I think I must have lost at least ten pounds worrying over the affair.

Beginning at seven in the evening it was our duty to patrol all communication and front-line trenches, making note of unusual occurrences, and arresting anyone who should, to us, appear to be acting in a suspicious manner. We slept during the day.

Behind the lines there was great activity, supplies and ammunition pouring in, and long columns of troops constantly passing. We were preparing for the big offensive, the forerunner of the battle of the Somme or "Big Push."

The never-ending stream of men, supplies, ammunition and guns pouring into the front lines made a mighty spectacle, one that cannot be described. It has to be witnessed with your own eyes to appreciate its vastness.

At our part of the line the influx of supplies never ended. It looked like a huge snake slowly crawling forward, never a hitch or break, a wonderful tribute to the system and efficiency of Great Britain's "contemptible little army" of five millions of men.

Huge fifteen-inch guns naked along, foot by foot, by powerful steam tractors. Then a long line of "four point five" batteries, each gun drawn by six horses, then a couple of "nine point two" howitzers pulled by immense caterpillar engines.

When one of these caterpillars would pass me with its mighty monster to tow, a flush of pride would mount to my face, because I could plainly read on the name plate, "Made in U. S. A." and I would remember that if I were a name plate I would also read, "From the U. S. A." Then I would stop to think how thin and straggly that mighty stream would be if all the "Made in U. S. A." parts of it were withdrawn.

Then would come hundreds of limbers and "G. S." wagons drawn by sleek, well-fed mules, ridden by sleek, well-fed men, ever smiling, although grubby with sweat and covered with the fine, white dust of the marvelously well-made French roads.

What a discouraging report the German airmen must have taken back to their division commanders, and this stream is slowly but surely getting bigger and bigger every day, and the pace is always the same. No slower, no faster, but ever onward, ever forward.

Three weeks before the big push of July 1—as the battle of the Somme has been called—started, exact duplicates of the German trenches were dug about thirty kilos behind our lines.

The layout of the trenches was taken from airplane photographs submitted by the Royal flying corps. The trenches were correct to the foot; they showed dugouts, saps, barbed wire defenses and danger spots.

Intuitively that were to go over in the first waves were sent back for three days to study these trenches, engage in practice attacks and have night maneuvers. Each man was required to make a map of the trenches and familiarize himself with the names and location of the parts his battalion was to attack.

In the American army noncommissioned officers are put through a course of map making or road sketching, and during my six years' service in the United States cavalry I had plenty of practice in this work, therefore mapping these trenches was a comparatively easy task for me. Each man had to submit his map to the company commander to be passed upon, and I was lucky enough to have mine selected as being sufficiently authentic to use in the attack.

No photographs or maps are allowed to leave France, but in this case it appealed to me as a valuable souvenir of the great war and I managed to smuggle it through. At this time it carries no military importance as the British lines, I am happy to say, have since been advanced beyond this point, so

in having it in my possession I am not breaking any regulation or cautions of the British army.

The whole attack was rehearsed and rehearsed until we heartily earned the one who had conceived the idea. The trenches were named according to a system which made it very simple for Tommy to find, even in the dark, any point in the German lines.

These imitation trenches, or trench models, were well guarded from observation by numerous silled planes which constantly circled above them. No German airplane could approach within observation distance. A restricted area was maintained and no civilian was allowed within three miles, so we felt sure that we had a great surprise in store for Fritz.

When we took over the front line we received an awful shock. The Germans displayed signboards over the top of their trench showing the names that we had called their trenches. The signs read "Fair," "Fet," "Fate," and "Fancy," and so

on, according to the code names on our map. Then to rub it in, they hoisted some more signs which read, "Come on, we are ready, stupid English!"

It is still a mystery to me how they obtained this knowledge. There had been no raids or prisoners taken, so it must have been the work of spies in our own lines.

Three or four days before the big push we tried to shatter Fritz's nerves by feint attacks, and partially succeeded as the official reports of July 1 show.

Although we were constantly bombarding their lines day and night, still we fooled the Germans several times. This was accomplished by throwing an intense barrage into his lines—then using smoke shells we would put a curtain of white smoke across No Man's Land, completely obstructing his view of our trenches, and would raise our curtain of fire as if in an actual attack. All down our trenches the men would shout and cheer, and Fritz would turn loose with machine-gun, rifle, and shrapnel fire, thinking we were coming over.

After three or four of these dummy attacks his nerves must have been near the breaking point.

On June 24, 1918, at 9:40 in the morning our guns opened up, and hell was let loose. The din was terrific, a constant boom-boom-boom in your ear. At night the sky was a red glare. Our bombardment had lasted about two hours when Fritz started replying. Although we were wearing over ten shells to his one, our casualties were heavy. There was a constant stream of stretchers coming out of the communication trenches and burial parties were a common sight.

In the dugouts the noise of the guns almost hurt. You had the same sensation as when riding on the subway you enter the tube under the river going to Brooklyn—a sort of pressure on the ear drums, and the ground constantly trembling.

The roads behind the trenches were very dangerous because Boche shrapnel was constantly hurling over them. We avoided these dangerous spots by crossing through open fields.

The destruction in the German lines was awful and I really felt sorry for them because I realized how they must be creaking it.

From our front-line trench, every now and again, we could hear sharp whistle blasts in the German trenches. These blasts were the signals for stretcher bearers, and meant the wounding or killing of some German in the service of his fatherland.

Atwell and I had a tough time of it, patrolling the different trenches at night, but after awhile got used to it. My old outfit, the machine gun company, was stationed in huge elephant dugouts about four hundred yards behind the front-line trench—they were in reserve. Occasionally I would stop in their dugout and have a confab with my former mates. Although we tried to be jolly, still, there was a lurking feeling of impending disaster. Each man was wondering, if, after the slogan, "Over the top with the best of luck," had been sounded, would he still be alive or would he be lying "nowhere in France." In an old dilapidated house, the walls of which were scarred with machine-gun bullets, No. 3 section of the machine gun company had its quarters. The company's cooks prepared the meals in this billet. On the fifth evening of the bombardment a German eight-inch shell registered a direct hit on the billet and wiped out ten men who were asleep in the supposedly bomb-proof cellar. They were buried the next day and I attended the funeral.

CHAPTER XXVI.

All Quiet (?) on the Western Front. At brigade headquarters I happened to overhear a conversation between our G. O. C. (general officer commanding) and the divisional commander. From this conversation I learned that we were to bombard the German lines for eight days, and on the first of July the "big push" was to commence.

In a few days orders were issued to that effect, and it was common property all along the line.

On the afternoon of the eighth day of our "strafing," Atwell and I were sitting in the front-line trench smoking fags and making out our reports of the previous night's tour of the trenches, which we had to turn in to headquarters the following day, when an order was passed down the trench that Old Pepper requested twenty volunteers to go over on a trench raid that night to try and get a few German prisoners for information purposes. I immediately volunteered for this job, and shook



Over the Top in a Charge.

hands with Atwell, and went to the rear to give my name to the officers in charge of the raiding party.

I was accepted, worse luck.

At 9:45 that night we reported to the brigade headquarters dugout to receive instructions from Old Pepper.

After reaching this dugout we lined up in a semicircle around him, and he addressed us as follows:

"All I want you boys to do is to go over to the German lines tonight, surprise them, secure a couple of prisoners, and return immediately. Our artillery has bombarded that section of the line for two days and personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied, so just get a couple of prisoners and return as quickly as possible."

The sergeant on my right, in an undertone, whispered to me:

"Say, Yank, how are we going to get a couple of prisoners if the old fool thinks 'personally that that part of the trench is unoccupied,'—sounds kind of fishy, doesn't it mate?"

I had a funny sinking sensation in my stomach, and my tin hat felt as if it weighed about a ton and my enthusiasm was melting away. Old Pepper must have heard the sergeant speak because he turned in his direction and in a thundering voice asked:

"What did you say?"

The sergeant with a scarlet look on his face and his knees trembling, smartly saluted and answered:

"Nothing, sir."

Old Pepper said:

"Well, don't say it so loudly the next time."

Then Old Pepper continued:

"In this section of the German trenches there are two or three machine guns which our artillery, in the last two or three days, has been unable to tape. These guns command the sector where two of our communication trenches join the front line, and as the brigade is to go over the top tomorrow morning I want to capture two or three men from these guns' crews, and from them I may be able to obtain valuable information as to the exact location of the guns, and our artillery will therefore be able to demolish them before the attack, and thus prevent our losing a lot of men while using these communication trenches to bring up re-enforcements."

These were the instructions he gave us:

"Take off your identification disks, strip your uniforms of all numerals, insignia, etc., leave your papers with your captain, because I don't want the Boches to know what regiments are against them as this would be valuable information to them in our attack tomorrow and I don't want any of you to be taken alive. What I want is two prisoners and if I get them I have a way which will make them divulge all necessary information as to their guns. You have your choice of two weapons—you may carry your 'peranders' or your knuckle knives, and each man will arm himself with four Mills bombs, these to be used only in case of emergency."

A persader is Tommy's nickname for a club carried by the bombers. It is about two feet long, thin at one end and very thick at the other. The thick end is studded with sharp steel spikes, while through the center of the club there is a one-inch lead bar, to give it weight and balance. When you get a prisoner all you have to do is just stick this club up in front of him, and believe me, the prisoner's patriotism for "Deutschland über Allen" fades away and he very willingly obeys the orders of his captor. If, however, the prisoner gets high-toned and refuses to follow you, simply "persuade" him by first removing his tin hat, and then—well, the use of the lead weight in the

persuader is demonstrated, and Tommy looks for another prisoner.

The knuckle knife is a dagger affair, the blade of which is about eight inches long with a heavy steel guard over the grip. This guard is studded with steel projections. At night in a trench, which is only about three to four feet wide, it makes a very handy weapon. One punch in the face generally shatters a man's jaw and you can get him with the knife as he goes down.

Then we had what we called our "come-alongs." These are strands of barbed wire about three feet long, made into a noose at one end; at the other end, the barbs are cut off and Tommy slips his wrist through a loop to get a good grip on the wire. If the prisoner wants to argue the point, why just place the large loop around his neck and no matter if Tommy wishes to return to his trenches at the walk, trot, or gallop, Fritz is perfectly agreeable to maintain Tommy's rate of speed.

We were ordered to black our faces and hands. For this reason: At night, the English and Germans use what they call star shells, a sort of rocket affair. They are fired from a large pistol about twenty inches long, which is held over the sandbag parapet of the trench, and discharged into the air. These star shells attain a height of about sixty feet, and a range of from fifty to seventy-five yards. When they hit the ground they explode, throwing out a strong calcium light which lights up the ground in a circle of a radius of between ten to fifteen yards. They also have a parachute star shell which, after reaching a height of about sixty feet, explodes. A parachute unfolds and slowly floats to the ground, lighting up a large circle in No Man's Land. The official name of the star shell is a "Very-light." Very-lights are used to prevent night surprise attacks on the trenches. If a star shell falls in front of you, or between you and the German lines, you are safe from detection, as the enemy cannot see you through the bright curtain of light. But if it falls behind you and, as Tommy says, "you get in the star shell zone," then the fun begins; you have to lie flat on your stomach and remain absolutely motionless until the light of the shell dies out. This takes anywhere from forty to seventy seconds. If you haven't time to fall to the ground you must remain absolutely still in whatever position you were in when the light exploded; it is advisable not to breathe, as Fritz has an eye like an eagle when he thinks you are knocking at his door. When a star shell is burning in Tommy's rear he can hold his breath for a week.

You blacken your face and hands so that the light from the star shells will not reflect on your pale face. In a trench raid there is quite sufficient reason for your face to be pale. If you don't believe me, try it just once.

Then another reason for blackening your face and hands is that, after you have entered the German trench at night, "white face" means German. "Black face" English. Coming around a traverse you see a white face in front of you. With a prayer and wishing Fritz "the best o' luck," you introduce him to your "persuader" or knuckle knife.

A little later we arrived at the communication trench named Whisky street, which led to the fire trench at the point we were to go over the top and out in front.

In our rear were four stretcher-bearers and a corporal of the R. A. M. C. carrying a pouch containing medicines and first-aid appliances. Kind of a grim reminder to us that our expedition was not going to be exactly a picnic. The order of things was reversed. In civilian life the doctors generally come first, with the undertakers tagging in the rear and then the insurance man, but in our case, the undertakers were leading, with the doctors trailing behind, minus the insurance adjuster.

The presence of the R. A. M. C. men did not seem to disturb the raiders, because many a joke made in an undertone, was passed along the winding column, as to who would be first to take a ride on one of the stretchers. This was generally followed by a wish that, if you were to be the one, the wound would be a "cushy Blighty one."

The stretcher-bearers, no doubt, hoping that, if they did have to carry anyone to the rear, he would be small and light. Perhaps they looked at me when wishing, because I could feel an uncomfortable, boring sensation between my shoulder blades. They got their wish all right.

Going up this trench, about every sixty yards or so we would pass a lonely sentry. Who in a whisper would wish us "the best o' luck, mates." We would blind at him under our breaths; that Jonah phrase to us sounded very ominous.

Without any casualties the minstrel troop arrived at Suicide ditch, the front-line trench. Previously, a wiring party of the Royal Engineers had cut a lane through our barbed wire to enable us to get out into No Man's Land.

Crawling through this lane, our party of twenty took up an extended-order formation about one yard apart. We had a tap code arranged for our movements while in No Man's Land, because for various reasons it is not safe to carry on a heated conversation a few yards in front of Fritz' lines. The officer was on the right of the line, while I was on the extreme left. Two taps from the right would be passed down the line until I received them, then I would send back one tap. The officer, in receiving this one tap, would know that his order had gone down the whole line, had been understood, and that the party was ready to obey the two-tap signal. Two taps

meant that we were to crawl forward slowly—and believe me, very slowly—for five yards, and then halt to await further instructions. Three taps meant, when you arrived within striking distance of the German trench, rush it and inflict as many casualties as possible, secure a couple of prisoners, and then back to your own lines with the speed of light. Four taps meant, "I have gotten you into a position from which it is impossible for me to extricate you, so you are on your own."

After getting Tommy into a mess on the western front he is generally told that he is "on his own." This means, "Save your skin in any way possible." Tommy loves to be "on his own" behind the lines, but not during a trench raid.

The star shells from the German lines were falling in front of us, therefore we were safe. After about twenty minutes we entered the star shell zone. A star shell from the German lines fell about five yards in the rear and to the right of me; we lagged the ground and held our breath until it burned out. The smoke from the star shell traveled along the ground and crossed over the middle of our line. Some Tommy sneezed. The smoke had gotten up his nose. We crouched on the ground, cursing the offender under our breath, and waited the volley that generally issues when the Germans have heard a noise in No Man's Land. Nothing happened. We received two taps—crawled forward slowly for five yards; no doubt the officer believed what Fritz had said. "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." By being careful and remaining motionless when the star shells fell behind us, we reached the German barbed wire without mishap. Then the fun began. I was scared stiff, as it is ticklish work cutting your way through wire when about thirty feet in front of you there is a line of Boches looking out into No Man's Land with their rifles lying across the parapet, straining every sense to see or hear what is going on in No Man's Land; because at night, Fritz never knows when a bomb with his name and number on it will come hurtling through the air aimed in the direction of Berlin. The man on the right, one man in the center and myself on the extreme left were equipped with wire cutters. These are insulated with soft rubber not because the German wires are charged with electricity, but to prevent the cutters rubbing against the barbed wire stakes, which are of iron, and making a noise which may warn the inmates of the trench that someone is getting fresh in their front yard. There is only one way to cut a barbed wire without noise and through costly experience Tommy has become an expert in doing this. You must grasp the wire about two inches from the stake in your right hand and cut between the stake and your hand.

If you cut a wire improperly, a loud twang will ring out on the night air like the snapping of a banjo string. Perhaps this noise can be heard only for fifty or seventy-five yards, but in Tommy's mind it makes a loud noise in Berlin.

We had cut a lane about halfway through the wire when, down the center of our line, twang! went an improperly cut wire. We crouched down, a loud twang will ring out on the night air like the snapping of a banjo string. Perhaps this noise can be heard only for fifty or seventy-five yards, but in Tommy's mind it makes a loud noise in Berlin.

We had cut a lane about halfway through the wire when, down the center of our line, twang! went an improperly cut wire. We crouched down,

discovered, we were like rats in a trap. Our way was cut off unless we ran along the wire to the narrow lane we had cut through. With our hearts in our mouths we waited for the three-tap signal to rush the German trench. Three taps had gotten about halfway down the line when suddenly about ten to twenty German star shells were fired all along the trench and landed in the barbed wire in rear of us, turning night into day and silhouetting us against the wall of light made by the flares. In the glaring light we were confronted by the following unpleasant scene.

All along the German trench, at about three-foot intervals, stood a big Prussian guardsman with his rifle at the aim, and then we found out why we had not been challenged when the main sneezed and the barbed wire had been improperly cut. About three feet in front of the trench they had constructed a single fence of barbed wire and we knew our chances were one thousand to one of returning alive. We could not rush their trench on account of this second defense. Then in front of me the challenge, "Halt," given in English rang out, and one of the finest things I have ever heard of in the western front took place.

From the middle of our line some Tommy answered the challenge with, "Aw, go to hell!" It must have been the man who had sneezed or who had improperly cut the barbed wire; he wanted to show Fritz that he could die game. Then came the volley. Machine guns were turned loose and several bombs were thrown in our rear. The Boche in front of me was looking down, under ordinary circumstances, been handsome, but when I viewed him from the front of his rifle he had the goblins of childhood imagination relegated to the shade.

Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed to hurt. A bullet had hit me on the left side of my face about half an inch from my eye, smashing the cheek bones. I put my hand to my face and felt forward, biting the ground and kicking my feet. I thought I was dying, but, do you know, my past life did not unfold before me the way it does in novels.

The blood was streaming down my tunic, and the pain was awful. When I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old boy, you belong in Jersey City, and you'd better get back there as quickly as possible."

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a lump of hanging wire, and in the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wilted and fell forward across the sod—then blackness.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

When I came to I was crouching in a hole in No Man's Land. This shell hole was about three feet deep, so that it brought my head a few inches below the level of the ground. How I reached this hole I will never know. German "typewriters" were traversing back and forth in No Man's Land, the bullets hitting the edge of my shell hole and throwing dirt all over me.

Overhead shrapnel was bursting. I could hear the fragments slap the ground. Then I went out once more. When I came to everything was silence and darkness in No Man's Land. I was soaked with blood and a big flap from the wound in my cheek was hanging over my mouth. The blood running from this flap choked me. Out of the corner of my mouth I would try and blow it back, but I would not move. I reached for my shell dressing and tried, with one hand, to bandage my face to prevent the flow. I had an awful horror of bleeding to death

and was getting very faint. You would have laughed if you had seen my ludicrous attempts at bandaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were awful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then fainted.

When I came to, hell was let loose. An intense bombardment was on, and on the whole my position was decidedly unpleasant. Then, suddenly, our barrage ceased. The silence almost hurt, but not for long, because Fritz turned loose with shrapnel, machine guns, and rifle fire. Then all along our line came a cheer and our boys came over the top in a charge. The first wave was composed of "Jocks." They were a magnificent sight, kilts, flapping in the wind, bare knees showing, and their bayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about six feet two inches in height jumped right over me. On the right and left of me several soldiers in colored kilts were huddled on the ground, then over came the second wave, also "Jocks." One young Scot, when he came abreast of my shell hole, leaped into the air, his rifle shooting out of his hands, landing about six feet in front of him, bayonet first, and stuck in the ground, the butt trembling. This impressed me greatly.

Light now I can see the butt of that gun trembling. The Scot made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time clashing at the earth, and then remained still, about four feet from me, in a sort of sitting position. I leaped to him, "Are you hurt badly, Jock?" but no answer. He was dead. A dark red smudge was coming through his tunic right under the heart. The blood ran down his bare knees, making a horrible sight. On his right side he carried his water bottle. I was crazy for a drink and tried to reach this, but for the life of me could not negotiate that four feet. Then I became unconscious.

When I woke up I was in an advanced first-aid post. I asked the doctor if we had taken the trench. "We took the trench and the wood beyond, all right," he said, "and you fellows did your bit, but, my lad, that was thirty-six hours ago. You were lying in No Man's Land in that hole for a day and a half. It's a wonder you are alive."

He also told me that out of the twenty that were in the raiding party, seventeen were killed. The officer died of wounds in crawling back to our trench and I was severely wounded, but one fellow returned without a scratch, without any prisoners. No doubt this chap was the one who had sneezed and improperly cut the barbed wire.

In the official communiqué our trench raid was described as follows:

"All quiet on the western front, excepting in the neighborhood of Gommecourt wood, where one of our raiding parties penetrated into the German lines."

It is needless to say that we had no use for our persuaders or come-alongs, as we brought back no prisoners, and until I die I'll never believe that that part of the German trench is occupied, "will always come to me when I hear some fellow trying to get away with a fishy statement. I will judge it accordingly."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Blighty.

From this first-aid post, after inoculating me with antitetanus serum to prevent lockjaw, I was put into an ambulance and sent to a temporary hospital behind the lines. To reach this hospital we had to go along a road about five miles in length. This road was under shell fire, for now and then a flare would light up the sky—a tremendous explosion—and then the road seemed to tremble. We did not mind, though no doubt some of us wished



In "Blighty."

that a shell would hit us and end our misery. Personally, I was not particular. It was nothing but bump, jolt, rattle, and bang.

Several times the driver would turn around and give us a "Cheero, mates, we'll soon be there—" fine fellows, those ambulance drivers, a lot of them go West, too.

We gradually drew out of the fire zone and pulled up in front of an immense dugout. Stretcher-bearers carried me down a number of steps and placed me on a white table in a brightly lighted room.

A sergeant of the Royal Army Medical corps removed my bandages and cut off my tunic. Then the doctor, with his sleeves rolled up, took charge. He winked at me and I winked back,

and then he asked, "How do you feel, amushed up a bit?"

I answered: "I'm all right, but I'd give a quid for a drink of Bass."

He nodded to the sergeant, who disappeared, and I'll be damned if he didn't return with a glass of ale. I could only open my mouth about a quarter of an inch, but I got away with every drop of that ale. It tasted just like Blighty, and that is heaven to Tommy.

The doctor said something to an orderly, the only word I could catch was "chloroform," then they put some kind of an arrangement over my nose and mouth and it was me for dreamland.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on a stretcher. In a low wooden building. Everywhere I looked I saw rows of Tommies on stretchers, some down to the world, and the rest with fags in their mouths.

The main topic of their conversation was Blighty. Nearly all had a grin on their faces, except those who didn't have enough face left to grin with. I grinned with my right eye, the other was bandaged.

Stretcher-bearers came in and began to carry the Tommies outside. You could hear the cling of the engines in the waiting ambulances.

I was put into an ambulance with three others and away we went for an eighteen-mile ride.

I was on a bottom stretcher. The lad right across from me was snatched up something horrible.

Right above me was a man from the Royal Irish rifles, while across from him was a Scotchman.

We had gone about three miles when I heard the death-rattle in the throat of the man opposite. He had gone to rest across the Great Divide. I think at the time I envied him.

The man of the Royal Irish rifles had had his left foot blown off, the jolting of the ambulance over the rough road had loosened up the bandages on his foot, and had started it bleeding again. This blood ran down the side of the stretcher and started dripping. I was lying on my back, too weak to move, and the dripping of this blood got me in my unbandaged right eye. I closed my eye and pretty soon could not open the lid; the blood had congealed and closed it, as if it were glued down.

An English girl dressed in khaki was driving the ambulance, while beside her on the seat was a corporal of the R. A. M. C. They kept up a running conversation about Blighty which at once wrecked my nerves; pretty soon from the stretcher above me, the Irishman became aware of the fact that the bandage from his foot had become loose; it must have pained him horribly, because he yelled in a loud voice:

"If you don't stop this bloody death wagon and fix this d— bandage on my foot, I will get out and walk."

The girl on the seat turned around and in a sympathetic voice asked, "Poor fellow, are you very badly wounded?"

The Irishman, at this question, let out a howl of indignation and answered, "Am I very badly wounded, what bloody cheek; no, I'm not wounded, I've only been kicked by a canary bird."

The ambulance immediately stopped, and the corporal came to the rear and fixed him up, and also washed out my right eye. I was too weak to thank him, but it was a great relief. Then I must have become unconscious, because when I regained my senses, the ambulance was at a standstill, and my stretcher was being removed from it.

It was night, lanterns were flashing here and there, and I could see stretcher-bearers hurrying to and fro. Then I was carried into a hospital train.

The inside of this train looked like heaven to me, just pure white, and we met our first Red Cross nurses; we thought they were angels. And they were.

Nice little soft bunks and clean, white sheets.

A Red Cross nurse sat beside me during the whole ride which lasted three hours. She was holding my wrist; I thought I had made a hit, and tried to tell her how I got wounded, but she would put her finger to her lips and say, "Yes, I know, but you mustn't talk now, try to go to sleep, it'll do you good, doctor's orders." Later on I learned that she was taking my pulse every few minutes, as I was very weak from the loss of blood and they expected me to snuff it, but I didn't.

From the train we went into ambulances for a short ride to the hospital ship Panama. Another palace and more angels. I don't remember the trip across the channel.

I opened my eyes; I was being carried on a stretcher through lanes of people, some cheering, some waving flags, and others crying. The flags were Union Jacks. I was in Southampton. Blighty at last. My stretcher was strewn with flowers, cigarettes, and chocolates. Tears started to run down my cheek from my good eye. I like a body was crying. Can you beat it!

Then into another hospital train, a five-hour ride to Falmouth, another ambulance ride, and then I was carried into Munsey ward of the American Women's War hospital and put into a real bed.

This real bed was too much for my unstrung nerves and I fainted.

When I came to, a pretty Red Cross nurse was bending over me, bathing my forehead with cold water, then she left and the ward orderly placed a screen around my bed, and gave me a much-needed bath and clean pajamas. Then the screen was removed and a bowl of steaming soup was given me. It tasted delicious.

Before finishing my soup the nurse came back to ask me my name and number. She put this information down in a little book and then asked:

"Where do you come from?" I answered: "From the big town behind the Statue of Liberty," upon hearing this she started jumping up and down, clapping her hands, and calling out to three nurses across the ward:

"Come here, girls—at last we have got a real live Yankee with us."

"Where do you come from?" I answered:

"From the big town behind the Statue of Liberty," upon hearing this she started jumping up and down, clapping her hands, and calling out to three nurses across the ward:

"Come here, girls—at last we have got a real live Yankee with us."

They came over and besieged me with questions, until the doctor arrived. Upon learning that I was an American he almost crushed my hand in his grip of welcome. They also were Americans, and were glad to see me.

The doctor very tenderly removed my bandages and told me, after viewing my wounds, that he would have to take me to the operating theater immediately. Personally I didn't care what was done with me.

In a few minutes, four orderlies who looked like undertakers dressed in white, brought a stretcher to my bed and placing me on it carried me out of the ward, across a courtyard to the operating room or "theaters," as Tommy calls it.

I don't remember having the anesthetic applied.

When I came to I was again lying in a bed in Munsey ward. One of the nurses had draped a large American flag over the head of the bed, and clasped in my hand was a smaller flag, and it made me feel good all over to again see the "Stars and Stripes."

At that time I wondered when the boys in the trenches would see the emblem of the "land of the free and the home of the brave" beside them, doing its bit in this great war of civilization.

My wounds were very painful, and several times at night I would dream that myriads of khaki-clad figures would pass my bed and each would stop, bend over me, and whisper, "The best of luck, mate."

Soaked with perspiration I would awake with a cry, and the night nurse would come over and hold my hand. This awakening got to be a habit with me until that particular nurse was transferred to another ward.

In three weeks' time, owing to the careful treatment received, I was able to sit up and get my bearings. Our ward contained seventy-five patients, 85 per cent of which were surgical cases. At the head of each bed hung a temperature chart and diagnosis sheet. Across this sheet would be written "T. S. W." or "S. W.," the former meaning gun shot wound and the latter shell wound. The "S. W." predominated, especially among the Royal Field artillery and Royal Engineers.

About forty different regiments were represented, and many arguments ensued as to the respective fighting ability of each regiment. The rivalry was wonderful. A Jock arguing with an Irishman, then a strong Cockney accent would butt in in favor of a London regiment. Before long a Welshman, followed by a member of a Yorkshire regiment, and perhaps, a Canadian lotrude themselves and the argument waxed loud and furious. The patients in the beds start howling for them to settle their dispute outside and the ward is in an uproar. The head sister comes along and with a wave of the hand completely routes the doughy warriors and again silence reigns supreme.

Wednesday and Sunday of each week were visiting days and were looked forward to by the men, because they meant parcels containing fruit, sweets or fags. When a patient had a regular visitor he was generally kept well supplied with those delicacies. Great jealousy is shown among the men as to their visitors and many wars were come after the visitors' leave.

When a man is sent to a convalescent home, he generally turns over by steady visitor to the man in the next bed.

Most visitors have autograph albums and bore Tommy to death by asking him to write the particulars of his wounding in same. Several Tommies try to duck this unpleasant job by telling the visitors that they cannot write, but this never phases the owner of the album; he or she, generally she, offers to write it for them and Tommy is stuck into telling his experiences.

The questions asked Tommy by visitors would make a clever joke book to a military man.

Some kindly looking old lady will stop at your bed and in a sympathetic voice address you: "You poor boy, wounded by those terrible Germans. You must be suffering frightful pain. A bullet, did you say? Well, tell me, I have always wanted to know, did it hurt worse going in or coming out?"

Tommy generally replies that he did not stop to figure it out when he was hit.

One very nice-looking, overenthusiastic young thing, stopped at my bed and asked, "What wounded you in the face?"

In a polite but bored tone I answered, "A rifle bullet."

With a look of dislike she passed to the next bed, first ejaculating, "Oh! truly a bullet?" I thought it was a shell.

Why she should think a shell wound was more of a distinction beats me. I don't see a whole lot of difference myself.

The American Women's War hospital was a heaven for wounded men. They were allowed every privilege possible conducive with the rules and military discipline. The only fault was that the men's passes were restricted. To get a pass required an act of parliament. Tommy tried many tricks to get out, but the commandant, an old Boer war officer, was wise to them all, and it took a new and clever ruse to make him affix his signature to the coveted slip of paper.

As soon as it would get dark many a patient climbed over the wall and went "on his own," regardless of many signs

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

FOUR FINE BLUEGRASS FARMS Saturday, Aug 10, '18

I WILL ON THE ABOVE DATE, AT 10:30 A.M., DECEASED, DIVIDED INTO FOUR TRACTS DE CITY LIMITS OF HARRODSBURG, MERCER COUNTY, KY., ON DANVILLE TURNPIKE; SELL TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER THE FARM OF LEE RIKER, AT HIS LATE RESIDENCE, ONE MILE FROM SCRIBED AS FOLLOWS:

TRACT NO. 1

105.91 ACRES fronting one-half mile on Danville pike one of the finest roads in the State. Handsome frame residence with ten rooms, four halls, three porches, large cellar. Fine garden, large yard with plenty of shade trees. Large barn, silo, corn crib, ice house, dairy and other necessary out buildings. Also one four room tenant house. Fenced at main dwelling and barn. Everlasting spring and two wells on tract.

TRACT NO. 2

164.82 ACRES fronting one-half mile on Danville pike. Two four room tenant houses. Two small barns, two large tobacco barns, two stripping rooms. Watered by three springs and pond.

EVERYONE OF THESE TRACTS ARE WELL WATERED, FENCED AND IN HIGH STATE OF CULTIVATION, HAVING BEEN MOSTLY IN GRASS FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. WILL PRODUCE FINE TOBACCO, CORN, WHEAT, HEMP, OR ANY OTHER CROPS RAISED IN THIS BLUEGRASS SECTION OF CENTRAL KENTUCKY. TRACTS NO. 1 AND NO. 2 WILL BE SOLD SEPARATELY AND THEN AS A WHOLE. TRACTS NO. 3 AND NO. 4 WILL BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

TERMS VERY REASONABLE AND WILL BE MADE KNOWN ON DATE OF SALE.

G. M. Carr who is on the property will take pleasure in showing any or all of these farms to any prospective buyer, and we solicit and invite all who are contemplating buying a farm to see these bargains. For further information and blue prints call at the First National Bank, Harrodsburg, Ky., C. E. Rankin, Harrodsburg, Ky., or write the undersigned at Evans Building, Washington, D. C.

CHAS. N. RIKER.

EXECUTOR.

JOHN I. VAN ARSDALE, Auctioneer

THE GIRL

By MILDRED WHITE

(Copyright, 1918, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Billy rode gloomily through the flower-scented dusk, his head, usually held in soldier's erectness, now drooped as his eyes followed the line of road. It was over at last, his one dream of love.

Billy's life, before the girl had come into it, had been a routine of home and duty, enjoyable enough, but after he had seen her there was no more ordinary routine, no enjoyment in anything but the rapture of her presence. Yes, that is the way that Billy felt.

She had entered the entertainment hall of his home town one evening, and had by some means included him in her cursory gaze. Then something dormant had leaped to life in Billy's heart. He had heretofore scoffed at love at first sight—"Imaginary nonsense," the matter of fact Billy had called it—but on this occasion he turned to a companion.

"Who?" he demanded confusingly, but the companion understood.

"Guest of the Hunters," he replied. Suddenly, as though the girl herself was obsessed with the same strange magic, she looked wonderingly back at Billy. Across her lovely face flitted a seeming glance of recognition, then her eyes had been lowered demurely as she passed on into a seat.

Billy fretted through the entertainment in his eagerness to meet her, and fought his way through detailing friends at its conclusion, to find the girl missing as he reached the end of the aisle. Billy sat until a late hour that night, making various possible plans to gain the coveted acquaintance, his chief difficulty being the removed social position of the Hunters.

Long had the wealthy copper man's family lorded it over their town; people, and Billy was decidedly out of class. The girl too, his friend confided, "came from a wealthy family." And though Billy was poor, a pauper, no doubt she would consider him, here was the love of one night, laughing at obstacles and scheming for victory. But Billy's best laid plans failed utterly, until the night of his enlistment.

A reception was given to the boys preparing to answer their country's call, and she was there. More beautiful than Billy in his wildest dream had fancied her, was the little guest of the Hunters. Then again, as though answering his silent yearning call, she looked back into Billy's eyes, and miraculously crossed the room to his side. The pretty color came and went in her cheeks as she had advanced toward him, and he was ready, with a reassuring greeting.

"I want to shake hands with our soldiers," the girl said, "I want to wish you well."

It was the companion again, who introduced them. And Billy had been privileged to see her few times since. These chance meetings were hazy; happily he counted them "near and dear," while nearer came the time of his departure for camp.

Striding savagely about the room, Billy acknowledged that so few meetings could not justify a confession of love, and he further bitterly realized, that his position could never warrant that confession. So Billy had hidden the girl good-bye, holding her hand in the clasp of a friend, and murmuring "that it had been a pleasure to know her." She had smiled brightly over the farewell, and assured him of her admiration for his courage; so it was all over, and as Billy now gloomily rode along, he came to the sign of the "Red Cross Benefit Lawn Fete," and in hope that he might see the girl once more, he left his car and passed in beneath the bunting.

But his searching eyes were unrewarded. Before him a gypsy tent flouted an invitation, "Come in and have your fortune told," and Billy went inside. Then for a moment he stood, his heart pounding madly, for it was the identical girl herself, who in charming gypsy costume knelt in the center of the tent.

"Your fortune sir?" asked the girl, and there was no recognition in her professional gaze.

Billy collected himself with an effort and held forth his hand.

The girl bent low, reading his palm, while he longed wildly to kiss the flowers in her hair.

"Tomorrow," she began, "you start upon a long journey, much of sorrow and strife will you see, but your return will be—triumphant, all joyful."

"Not joyful," whispered Billy. Questioning, her eyes met his. "If the woman I love, would be waiting to rejoice with me, that only could be true."

The dark eyes were sympathetic. "The woman you love has refused you!"

"I have not dared to speak my love," Billy said gently. Suddenly, tent and gypsy were forgotten. "But I must tell you now and it doesn't matter, soon I will be away. From the moment you first turned your face to mine, girl, how I've loved you! Poor, and far removed from all that to which you are accustomed, I even dared to dream dreams which war has wisely ended." He arose, "Good-bye."

But the girl was again on her knees bending over his hand.

"I had not finished your fortune," she said breathlessly. "Your return will be triumphant, all joyful, because every step of your way the heart of the woman who loves you goes, and I will wait for you here, dear," said the girl.

U. S. PRESSING NEED FOR CAVALRY HORSES

Not Only For Immediate War Requirements, But For the Future.

Washington, D. C., July 8.—The task of horseing Uncle Sam's troopers is one of the problems of the day. It is not alone a matter of supplying a sufficient number of remounts for the cavalry arm of the service for present day needs. The question of a reserve of the proper type for the future harks large in the foreground. Col. John S. Fair of the Quartermaster Corps has this most important work in hand for the Federal Government. Col. Fair is in intimate touch with horse conditions throughout the United States, and no man speaks with greater knowledge of the country's needs in the matter of riding horse type. He realizes that it is from the quick, active families of which the thoroughbred standard bred and Morgan are representatives, that the remount supply must be drawn. Col. Fair's plea for an accelerated campaign of remount production should carry weight with breeders in every part of the Union and make them eager to assist the Government.

"I think," said he today, "that we were all beguiled into a feeling of security by the census of 1910, which announced that there were 22,000,000 horses in the United States. It was not until we were at war ourselves that the fact struck home that a very large proportion of these were draught breeds and that cavalry remount material was exceedingly scarce. Transport and gun horses we have in abundance, thanks to the importation of Percheron and other draught breeds, but in the matter of the riding horse, aimless and purposeless breeding outside of a few regions has reduced our standard to mediocrity. There has not been that systematic effort in horse production which is a feature of the economic development of most foreign governments, notably that of France which is generally recognized as a model for the world. The only helpful influence I know of that has been constant is that exercised by the breeding bureau of the Jockey Club in New York State and a similar organization on more restricted lines in Kentucky."

"The only light horse families," resumed Col. Fair, "that have been produced systematically in the United States for a specific purpose are the thoroughbred or standard bred trotter, and these have been developed for racing purposes. It is fortunate for this country that this should have been done, as these animals furnish an admirable foundation upon which to build our war horse structure. Both have been brought to their high state of perfection through breeding and racing tests, and in the process of evolution through which they have passed the weak have fallen by the way side. Nature in every breeding venture gives a certain proportion of failures. These trials of speed have developed the heart and lung power of the animals taking part in them. We will therefore not have to breed those qualities into the riding horse of the future if we follow the lines which success has blazed for our guidance. I am therefore greatly in favor of the breeding activities for the production of the thoroughbred, as this is the line upon which we hope to build a type of cavalry horse."

"Of the foreign nations now at war," resumed Col. Fair, "England was the only country that had not a well rounded plan for cavalry remount production. Her troopers were horsed largely from the racecourse and the hunting field, and these furnished the 170,000 head to the emergency following the mobilization. Today through the generosity of Col. Hall Walker she has her own breeding studs under the control of an expert and a British officer told me a few days ago that the work was progressing famously."

The Race Course the indispensable Test.

The aires which are expected to keep up the high standard of excellence must prove their right to reproduce themselves. They are tested for speed, courage, soundness and bottom. This is the same method which is in vogue in France and other continental countries.

"There seems to be an idea in some portions of the United States that mares can not be worked prior to motherhood and for some time after the foals have been born. Visitors to France and rural England find quite following their dams about the fields as the mares help to till the soil or garner the harvest. Moderate work is beneficial for mother and offspring."

"Another matter upon which the farmer should be enlightened is that breeding operations may be carried into the autumn, when most of the year's work has been concluded. If mother and foal are well nurtured and warmly housed growth will be rapid, and in some instances as yearlings there will be little difference between late and early foals. When our cavalry regiments return from overseas they will have to be rehoused."

A Patriotic Enterprise.

"The breeding of cavalry remounts, therefore, is a matter of patriotic endeavor, and every man who has a mare of the proper type should regard it as a duty to mate her this year. I understand that the New York State Constabulary is doing yeoman service in this respect and that horse breeding in the Empire State has been greatly

stimulated through its co-operation with the farmers.

"Early in the war when Russia made her great offensive and penetrated East Prussia," said Col. Fair in conclusion, "the announcement was made that Germany deplored the loss of 30,000 choice mares from one of its most famous breeding studs more than any other misfortune connected with the campaign. I am ready to subscribe to the sentiment that such a number of the proper type of mare would be invaluable to us today. To Germany whose horse wastage is greater than that of any other country, they would be priceless. The Jockey Club, its chairman, Major August Belmont, F. Ambrose Clark, Henry T. Osward and many others have donated or loaned to the Government for a term of years horses of the type to benefit the movement."

Horses of Thoroughbred Type the Best.

Lieut. Col. M. U. Bristol is another member of the Government remount household who is a believer in thoroughbred blood in the trooper's mount. Col. Bristol has had much to do with the selection of the stallions which have been inaugurated at Front Royal, Va., and Forts Reno and Keogh in Oklahoma and Montana, respectively. He and those working under his supervision have been extremely careful in making their selections. No unsound or had tempered animals have been accepted, and whenever a horse was found with a good racing record he was preferred to another of equal merit in all other respects. New Yorkers had an opportunity during the recent Belmont Park meeting to see some of them when Light Arms, Saratoga Holly, Achievement and other horses donated by the Jockey Club's breeding bureau and individuals were exhibited on the strath.

Farmers Co-operation Essential.

In discussing the Government's remount plan in general, Col. Bristol said:

"There was a disposition at first on the part of some to think that we were engaging in the breeding business in opposition to the farmer. Nothing could be further from the truth. We have no desire to antagonize the farmer in his breeding ventures. As a matter of fact we are laying the foundation for a plan which will be of untold benefit to the farmer and horse breeders of the Union. It is our idea to breed stallions at our depots which will be distributed to the farmers free of any obligation. There will be no service fee and every aid will be given to stimulate the production of the proper type of remount without any strings to the proposition."

"I hope that there will be an increased interest in the racing, horse show and hunting activities of the country, as all of this makes for the development of the type of horse we want."

Which Kind of Parlor?

The building trade today is largely using methods in use in the days of the Pharaohs, said the principal architect of the office of works, at the Royal Sanitary Institute in England recently. "The parlor question," he went on, "is a difficult one. Some people prefer one large, pleasant room to a poky living room and small parlor. Others urge that the parlor is necessary for children to do their lessons in, to accommodate the plum and household goods, and also the coffin in the event of a death in the family."

Learn to Do Without.

One of the arts of life is to learn how to do without. Few of us have everything we consider desirable and if we grumble at every little deprivation we make ourselves miserable and our associates uncomfortable. To learn to do without and yet be cheery and happy, goes far toward making life a success.

A FAMILY MEDICINE

In Her Mother's Home, Says This Georgia Lady, Regarding Black-Draught. Relief From Headache, Malaria, Chills, Etc.

Ringgold, Ga.—Mrs. Chas. Gaston, of this place, writes: "I am a user of Thedford's Black-Draught. In fact, it was one of our family medicines. Also in my mother's home, when I was a child. When any of us children complained of headache, usually caused by constipation, she gave us a dose of Black-Draught, which would rectify the trouble. Often in the Spring, we would have malaria and chills, or troubles of this kind, we would take Black-Draught pretty regular until the liver acted well, and we would soon be up and around again. We would not be without it, for it certainly has saved us lots of doctor bills. Just a dose of Black-Draught when not so well saves a lot of days in bed."

Thedford's Black-Draught has been in use for many years in the treatment of stomach, liver and bowel troubles, and the popularity which it now enjoys is proof of its merit.

If your liver is not doing its duty, you will suffer from such disagreeable symptoms as headache, biliousness, constipation, indigestion, etc., and unless something is done, serious trouble may result.

Thedford's Black-Draught has been found a valuable remedy for these troubles. It is purely vegetable, and acts in a prompt and natural way, regulating the liver to its proper functions and cleansing the bowels of impurities. Try it, insist on Thedford's, the original and genuine. E 79

NO BREAKING

OUR NO. 14 1-2 BALE TIES AS THEY ARE THE BEST

A Good Supply bought right
and will be sold at a Bargain

Hay Baler Men are asked to call and
see us before engaging their supply.

Hervey & Woods

PAINT LICK, KY.

THE CENTRAL RECORD

INCORPORATED.
ESTD WEEKLY. \$1.50 A YEAR.

J. E. ROBINSON, Editor.

R. L. ELKIN, Local Editor and Mgr.

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Lancaster, y., August 8, 1918

REID.

On Friday afternoon at six o'clock Mr. James Oliver Reid died at his residence on Richmond street, the end coming peacefully after a lingering illness of several months. The last five weeks of his life were ones of intense suffering, which he bore bravely, and often spoke of passing from time to time without fear.

Mr. Reid was born in Madison county, August 20th, 1854. He was a son of Andrew Reid and Luvin Carpenter. He was the last of a family of four, two sisters and one brother preceding him to the grave.

He married Miss Mary Rose, of this county, who died April 14th, 1901, leaving him four small girls, just as he and they needed her most. Thus we see he had led a practically sad life, having no interests outside of his home, trying to be a mother and father to the children left him.

The esteem in which he was held by his neighbors was evinced by the kindly and untiring attention shown in his last illness. The love shown by the two daughters, who were able to be with him, was evinced by their devotion and tender care, ministering to him until the last.

He was a member of the Baptist church and the services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. S. G. Calhoun assisted by Rev. J. R. Moorman, after which the body was laid to rest in the Lancaster cemetery last Sunday afternoon.

Tender sympathy goes out to the daughters in their deep bereavement.

MT. HEBRON

Mr. Onstott sold some calves to Mr. Walker Burdett, last week.

Mrs. E. F. Scott who has been sick is improving.

Mrs. Josephine Hicks is some better at this writing.

Miss Ruth Bronddus spent the week end with her parents, near Wilmore.

Miss Buella May was with her mother, at Wilmore, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. H. R. Montgomery and baby, spent Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. M. A. Sanders.

Rye wanted. Highest market price.

Hudson, Hughes & Farnau.

Mrs. Elizabeth Allen of King's Mountain, is the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Onstott.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Grow and daughter, were with relatives near Hanville, Sunday.

Miss Ruth Montgomery of McCleary, spent from Friday until Monday with homefolks, here.

Mr. and Mrs. Auther Montgomery and children, were with relatives, in Jessamine, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Asbury Preston spent last week with her son, and family, Mr. Harrison Preston, at East Hickman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sherrow and son, Leslie, and Mr. Harrison Preston were with friends here, Sunday.

Messrs. Jas. Hamilton of Lancaster Eugene Clark, of Boyle and F. W. Montgomery and son, of this place, motored to Frankfort, Sunday.

Mr. Harvey Dean, wife and children, Craig and Mattie, of Clinton, Ill., arrived Saturday for a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Dean.

Messdames Della Scott and Tabby Perry, of Jessamine, returned home Thursday after a weeks stay with relatives and friends here and at Coy.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Clark and little daughter, of Boyle, were with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Montgomery, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Clinton Brooks of Jessamine, while doing some carpenter work for Mr. J. B. Dean, had the misfortune to fall from the porch roof and break a bone in his hip. Mr. Thomas Roberts, of Jessamine, is nursing him.

KHAKI COLUMN

These two splendid boys whose pictures we run in this issue, are sons of Mr. J. T. Holtzclaw, of this county and are now doing duty for their country.



Sargeant James Edwin Holtzclaw.

Ed as he is familiarly known, was one of the first ten boys who left "Old Garrard," having volunteered to go at that time although he was very much further down the list of registrants.

He was stationed at Camp Taylor until April 27th, when he was transferred to Camp Upton, N. Y., from which place he sailed the 4th of June for overseas duty. He writes that he is enjoying the best of health and is striving to do his "bit" for his country.

His present address is, 32 Engineers, Company B, A. E. F.



John B. Holtzclaw.

This is the youngest son and volunteered for the service on July 9th, and was sent immediately to Paris Island, N. C., he having chosen the Marines to do his fighting for "Uncle Sam."

John graduated from the High school here in 1916, with the highest honors of his class. He is exceedingly popular and has a host of friends here who wish him good speed in the branch of the service he has chosen. His present address is, 261 Company, Marine Barracks, Paris Island, N. C.

We are indebted to our good friend Biscorn C. Ford, for a copy of the "Trouble Buster," a Camp paper published at the U. S. General Hospital, No. 2, at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, where Mr. Ford is now stationed. The paper contains many interesting articles and at the head of its editorial column, says, "published weekly or whenever news is abundant and the printers are not on a furlough or A. W. O. L." Biscorn has about recovered from a recent stomach trouble and is enjoying life to the fullest in this splendid hospital.

Mr. John M. Farra is in receipt of the following letter from our friend Homer J. Tinsley, which is interesting enough to be published, which we gladly do:

Stahten, Ky., Aug 2nd, 1918
Mr. J. M. Farra,
Lancaster, Ky.

Dear John:—Why don't you send some of the boys down here to work?

The engineers were moved here from West Point last week and we are striking out hundreds of buildings railroad yards to hold 500 cars, about 20 miles of streets and cross sectioning, 7500 acres 100 500 feet.

Carpenters have begun work and already several buildings are going up. The construction quartermaster posted a sign this morning calling for 200 carpenters and 500 laborers. Sixty cents an hour for carpenters and 70c and 80c for foremen.

The artillery range is two miles East of here and we can get a faint, very faint, idea of life in the front line trenches, for we are working under the sound of the French "75s," and guns and large calibre, that

boom constantly from seven to ten every morning while the machine guns rattle like a "lizzie" under a full throttle.

If you drive out on the road at night you are lured by a Sammy and ordered to "saletack" and let the artillery trucks by. They maneuver every night and have no lights. Getting the boys used to the dark, I guess.

It seems to be the general impression that the work here will not be developed, but moved to North Carolina. This doubtless originated from the newspapers, but there is no truth in it. The sentiment is being built here and you can tell anybody that they can come here with the assurance of getting work.

Many property owners have been notified to vacate within 10 days and some have already moved.

Very Truly,
H. J. Tinsley

Friends of Louis Tindler will be glad to hear from him through the following interesting letter which he has written the Central Record. Louis volunteered into the service several months ago, June 1st to be exact, and was sent to Camp Lee, Va., where he has been ever since. He passed successfully through a critical operation and has now about recovered. His letter follows:

Bare Hospital, Camp Lee, Va.
August 3rd, 1918
The Central Record,
Lancaster, Ky.

Dear Friend—I remember your request to send you a lot of camp news now and then, and would have written you before if there had been anything of interest that had come to my notice but, as you may already know, most of my time has been spent in the hospital ever since my arrival here, and therefore my budget of news is limited to the word to which I have been assigned. Now, hospital news is mighty uninteresting but I thought you might like to hear how happy I was made just the other day by a letter from home which enclosed the affectionate and kindly greetings of almost a whole regiment of friends in Garrard County.

I most earnestly hope that you may never come to realize the awful to-oneness of ward hospital life, but if you ever should, you will then know what cheering words from your friends mean to a fellow when he is cooped up in a hospital.

This is what happened. Last Sunday five automobile loads of friends surprised Father and Mother with a visit. After attending church services in the morning the whole party took possession of our lawn, where they spread picnic refreshments, and gave the family a delightful evening. They did not forget "yours truly" either, because yesterday I received a cheery word from every one of them written while they were at my home. This makes me very happy.

Give my best regards to all my friends and believe me,
Most sincerely yours,
Louis T. Tindler.

GARRARD FAMILY GIVES FOUR SONS TO WAR.

The family of George M. Wilson of Paint Lick has given four sons to the war, two of whom are already overseas.

Hume Wilson is a Corporal with a brigade now somewhere in France. He writes back that the climate is excellent and the French people gentle, that "on the way over they were attacked by a 'tin fish' but succeeded in feeding it some fatal bread."

J. E. Wilson is now in a Selected Officers Training Camp in South Carolina.

Dr. C. B. Wilson is a Second Lieut. and was recently called to service at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Corporal Gilbert Wilson has been overseas for some time, and was seriously injured June 5th, while in camp back of the lines. The latest report received was that the gravely injured, he has a fair chance of recovery.

It is interesting to note that the grand-father of these four boys fought for the cause of the Union in the War of '61, and was Captain of the Eighth Kentucky Infantry which won prominent distinction at the battle of Lookout Mountain.

NOTICE

Dr. J. W. Weber, the Foot Doctor, will be in Lancaster on Wednesday and Saturday's only. Those who want to see him call between 11:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., at his office at the SIMPSON HOUSE.

CARD OF THANKS.

We are deeply grateful for the kindness shown us by our friends and neighbors, during the illness and after the death of our dear father and assure all such friends that we will always cherish their kindness.
Mary and Carrie Reid.

PAINT LICK

Miss Willie Williams is visiting relatives in and near Richmond.

Little Sniffley Hughes is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. James Farnau.

Mrs. Richardson of Louisville, is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. E. White.

Misses Stella, Lulu and Cleone McWhorter, were in Lexington, last week.

Mrs. W. F. Parks is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Davis, at Jackson.

Mrs. Mary Galloway of Lexington is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Fish.

Mrs. Jon Cornett of Ohio spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. J. T. Thompson.

Dow Parks and family of Shelbyville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. U. M. Burgess.

Mrs. R. W. Howard and children of Layman, Ky., spent the week end with Mrs. A. R. Wynn.

Mrs. Bowler and Miss Lulu McWhorter, left Tuesday, for a visit to relatives in Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Green Bowling and family, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. McWhorter.

Mrs. Sniffley Hughes of Lancaster, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Francis, the past week.

Miss Eva McWhorter has returned home after several days visit with relatives in Bowling Green.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Roup of Frankfort are spending the week with their relatives around Paint Lick.

Fresh car lime just in Sand, Cement, Rock, Brick, Kanawha Salt, Hudson, Hughes & Farnau.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells Metcalfs, of North Carolina, are spending the week with relatives and friends at Paint Lick, Ky.

Mrs. Harry McWhorter entertained on very delightfully last week in honor of her mother, Mrs. Moore of Greenville, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dalton have returned from Louisville where they went to see their son, J. H. Dalton, at Camp Taylor.

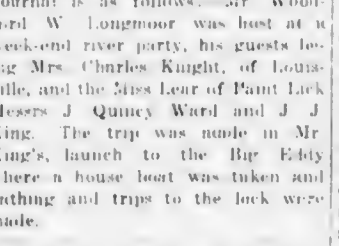
Mrs. W. L. Nue has returned from a visit to relatives in Harlan, bringing home with her daughter, Mrs. Ward and her son, Harold.

Mrs. R. L. Hill and son, Robert, Jr. have returned to their home in Tenn. and were accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Anderson.

Mr. George Wilson received a letter last week from his son, Gilbert, in France. He was seriously wounded by the explosion of a hand grenade. He will be home again as soon as he is able to stand the trip.

Miss Gladys and Joe Hazel McWhorter were no less at a beautiful party last Friday. 40 youngsters responded to the invitations and a very pleasant afternoon was spent playing games, after which delightful refreshments were served.

A clipping from Sunday's Courier-Journal is as follows:—Mr. Woodford W. Longmoores was host at a week-end river party, his guests being Mrs. Charles Knight, of Louisville, and the Misses Leora of Paint Lick Messrs. J. Quincy Ward and J. J. King. The trip was made in Mr. King's launch to the Big Eddy where a house boat was taken and bathing and trips to the lock were made.



The Chi-Namel Graining Process is for floors, doors and all flat surfaces. It is a natural hard surface. Costs about 2c a square foot, is easily applied and is quickly washable and does not discolor. There is no Chi-Namel store in this county. Write for literature to The Chi-Namel Store, Chicago, Ill.

Chi-Namel Color Varnishes—also colored—10c. Boxes, woodwork and furniture.

Chi-Namel Gold and Aluminum for radiators, picture frames, etc. Write for literature.

The One Varnish Co., Cleveland.

Learn to grow here

We have given the excellence of Chi-Namel Varnishes, and other finishes by actual test, just as we have convinced, before we decide to handle any article, that it must afford our customers the utmost value in service for their money.

We can quickly teach you to stain your floors and refinish your furniture at home easily, permanently, and cheaply with Chi-Namel.

Chi-Namel Color Varnishes—also colored—10c. Boxes, woodwork and furniture.

Chi-Namel Gold and Aluminum for radiators, picture frames, etc. Write for literature.

McRoberts Drug Store.



SPECIAL AGENT.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J. quickly recognized the worth of James P. Fisher, and have made him their special agent, over the territory of Central and Eastern Kentucky. He will assume his duties about September 1st. Judge Fisher is considered one of the best insurance men in the state and the company is to be congratulated upon securing his valuable services.

During his absence from the city his local insurance business, both fire and life, will be looked after by Joe J. Walker, Jr., at the Citizens National Bank.



HOW OUR BOYS FIGHT SHOWN IN U. S. FILM.

See a new and interesting film, "How Our Boys Fight," at the National Exhibition, 1000 Broadway, New York City. The film shows the actual fighting of our boys in France, and is a most interesting and instructive picture.

When shown in other cities these films were the object of unusual interest, and the arrangements were made for the film to be shown in the front line trenches, taking of warfare with the Hun.

One of the most striking portions of the film is that of the American soldiers at the front. They are shown in the front line trenches, taking of warfare with the Hun.

The film is a most interesting and instructive picture, and is a must for all who are interested in the war.

A TRIBUTE TO CLAYTON ANDERSON ARNOLD.

The oldest son of Thompson M. and Margaret Mills Arnold was born October 27th, 1867, and passed from earth July 12th, 1918 at his home which had been the center of his happiness for so many years. In his private life he was a pure, upright, honorable man. His constancy and loyalty to his friends were remarkable. There never lived a more dutiful and loving brother and son. His love and reverence for his parents, particularly his mother, in her old age, were beautiful. As a citizen he was held in high esteem by all who knew him, he was the soul of honor. With him, right was right, and wrong was wrong, as he saw the right that was his sole, real, other.

For a great sufferer he was born and cheerful, ever looking on the bright side, and at the end, he was patient and resigned.

By his passing the county has lost a good citizen, his family a loving husband and father. Such a life was not lived in vain but it is difficult to estimate the value of such a life as his.

Listen Well.

Listen well to the words of a few men, and to the men of few words.

"I Is" Was Good.

"I is," began a small student, "I am," promptly corrected the teacher "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," finished the boy.—Boy's Life.

Just a Business Deal.

Dorothy said to her mother: "I went three errands yesterday, and you promised me two cents, but if you haven't any change today we'll settle it for one cent."

Child's Idea.

A little miss was watching the circus parade, and when the elephant came along tooting away and with steam ascending, she said: "Oh, mamma, hear the boiled music."—Boston Transcript.

Classified Column

RATES:

Single insertions 1c a word
No ad taken for less than 20c
in this column. No ads in this column charged
Seven insertions for the price of five
Phone order must be paid for promptly

FOR SALE—A Buick's second hand car. J. E. Robinson

FOR SALE—Several pieces of old fashioned furniture. Call this office

WANTED—A rubber tire, break out in first class condition. Robinson Cook

FOR RENT—My home on Maple Avenue. Mrs. Eliza Hill (88) at pld

FOR SALE—Four yearling registered extra good short-horn bull. Woods Walker, Paint Lick, Ky.

FOR SALE—Five passenger Ford car, in good running order. Just painted. Geo. F. Hatcher, 7-25-11 pld

LOST—Black, white and tan dog and black, white and tan bitch. Both have collar marked Woods Walker, Paint Lick, Ky. Beward

WANTED (GRAZING)—80 acres of good grass, plenty of water, timber. From Lancaster, Penna. Frank Phillips, Stanford, Ky.

All persons having claims against the estate of Lucy Hoffman, deceased, are hereby notified to present same at once, properly proven.

FOR SALE—A fine home set with walnut furniture, some antique furniture and a very nice dinner table. Inquire at this office.

MONEY TO LOAN—10 to 100 dollars. See our office. 100 to 1000 dollars. See our office. 100 to 1000 dollars. See our office.

LOST—Near Camp Dick. Red car. Last Monday, 1918. Racine Ford automobile tire and rim. Liberal reward if returned to J. H. House, Danville, Ky.

WHEAT WANTED—I am in the market to buy your wheat for J. A. Zaring and Co. Will give the best price and furnish all sacks.

Wanted Bids for the New Buckeye School House. This must be in by noon August 14th. Plans and specifications will be at the County Clerk's office.

FOR SALE—I have in stock one Silo 12x30, Clear Oregon Fir, one piece staves, capacity 80 tons, which I will sell at a great bargain. Write me a card or call phone 139. Stanford, Ky., at my expense.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—About 500 acres of Knox County land and timber land, right on 1 & N Rail road and State road. Has four houses and can be divided to suit purchasers. For further particulars apply to Mrs. J. A. Conn, Jr., Lancaster, Ky., Route No. 1. Phone 337 H.

FOR SALE—The Mary B. Preston farm, on Kentucky river, near the mouth of Sugar Creek, containing about 100 acres. About 75 acres in good state of cultivation. \$200 or \$300 worth of leucaena post on farm, also five room house, stock barn and three acre tobacco barn. 7-25-11 pld. E. G. Preston, Agent.

NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of Mrs. Anne W. Robinson, deceased, will present same to be properly proven at once. Those indebted to said estate will kindly settle immediately.

Salem Walker, Executor, Paint Lick, Ky.

Kerosene. It is believed that kerosene was first used for lighting in 1820.

Crisp Criticism of Geopip. Geopip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco pipes of those who diffuse it. It proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—George Eliot.

Salvationists Raise Silk Worms. An annual silk worm for the cultivation of the silkworm has been established by the Salvation Army in a 10,000-acre mulberry forest near Lahore, India.

THE LITTLE LADY

By JACK LAWTON.

Copyright, 1918, by Western Newspaper Union.

That is what the people of Farmdale called her, speculating as to her choice of their village as a place of habitation. With some, the words had an affectionate sound, but there were others who qualified the "little" and spoke of her with sarcasm.

The appropriateness of the title, however, could not be disputed. "Little lady" was the new intimate of the old Parsons place.

Farmdale young people were accustomed to labor in homes and factory, theirs the problem of living. But the great old Parsons place was opened, mullin curtains showing behind gleaming windows. The tangled garden was coaxed into order, the town boy scouts spending their spare time in the effort. Happily the little lady directed them and repaid their labors.

"What's she here for anyway?" they said, and "How is she going to spend her time?"

But the little lady only hummed her tunes, bending idly over the sundial. A young officer home from camp was tempted to turn in at the gateway to ask for a drink from the fountain; the day was hot.

"One does not realize in this peaceful setting," he said, the suffering, the privation that others are enduring across the water. War seems very ancient and far away, yet it is there."

The eyes of the little lady were sympathetic. "Yes," she agreed, but she stopped as she spoke, to train a rose about the sundial.

The official frowned as he went on his way. She had been much too much, in his thoughts, since they had painted her out to him, the beautiful stranger who had leased the old Parsons place. Why should he sit in judgment upon her. If she chose to remain carefree in times of seriousness and self-denial, what was that to him?

A girl stood just outside the entrance looking into the garden; she was one of the girls from the factory and her face looked wan and tired.

"I was waitin' for you," she told the soldier; "I wanted to ask about Jim. When do you go over to France?"

"That we cannot tell, Josie," the officer replied. "But your brother is feeling fine. You are a brave girl to spare him for your country."

"The doctor thought I wouldn't be strong enough to keep on at the factory through the summer," the girl said, "but I reckon I wouldn't try to hold Jim back 'cause of that."

She motioned wearily toward the white-clad figure by the fountain. "Treaty soft, to be like her!" said Josie.

And as the soldier went on down the path he paused to greet a pale woman in a wheel chair. Her tall husband propelled the chair and his tense face brightened eagerly at sight of the soldier's uniform.

"When are you going back to camp?" he asked, and when upon some pretense the wife had sent her husband away she raised patient eyes to the officer's face.

"It's so hard for him not to be able to go," she said. "If it hadn't been for the accident to my hip he might have gone with the rest. I think Bert feels tied to this chair with a ball and chain. But if I am better, as the doctor promises, next year—"

"You are the kind, Nell!" the soldier exclaimed, and he pressed her hand. Yes, she was "the kind."

Old Henry was glad to see him. He asked, as he made way on the porch stone, if Jed's boat had got over safe; Jed hadn't written yet. "And if 'twasn't for Mattie here," he went on, beckoning an old neighbor from the next cottage, "her boy Ben would a-been in the fight too. Mattie's lantern held Ben back." "If I could only get along alone," said the old woman regretfully. "But I can't," she added and sighed.

Yes, there were those in this fair country also who realized the necessity of sacrifice. As the officer strode on his way he thought about these familiar people of his boyhood, anxious in the time of need to do their best.

Across his memory flashed a vision of the little lady, but he banished the picture with firm-pressed lips. There would be one more visit to the town before sailing; when he came again he would avoid the road which led past the great house, so he told himself; but that was the very road which he chose. The grounds had been cultivated wonderfully he noticed, and in the background worked a man's bent figure; "she" was not lingering near the fountain. The fact brought unaccountable disappointment. But toward him, down a winding pathway came Josie—Josie, brown, radiant, wheeling an invalid chair and in the chair was Bert's wife.

The color came and went in her face when she saw the soldier. "Come in," she called, "and let us tell you about it."

"The little lady has befriended us all," she answered his questioning gaze. "It was what she had planned, she says, to make it possible, perhaps, for one or two men to serve their country who otherwise must have remained at home. Bert has gone and Mattie's son too. Josie helps old Henry here with the vegetable garden, while I prepare things for Mattie to cook. Soon we will be a self-supporting family."

"Here comes our little lady now," whispered Josie, and the tenderness of her true found answer in the light of the soldier's welcoming eyes.

Hotel at Auction!



THE KENGARLAN, LANCASTER, KY. Saturday, Aug 24th, at 2:30 P.M.

On account of the health of both myself and wife we have decided to retire from active business and will sell our hotel and restaurant business to the highest bidder on the above date.

THE KENGARLAN HOTEL IS A MODERN FOUR STORY BRICK BUILDING AND LARGE BASEMENT UNDER THE ENTIRE BUILDING WHICH REALLY MAKES A FIVE STORY BUILDING.

It has 26 bed rooms, with large parlor, 2 dining rooms, one for the restaurant the other for Hotel, however adjoining and connecting, large kitchen, five large sample rooms in basement, boiler room, bakery (the only one in the County) four storage rooms, linen closets on each floor.

Steam heated throughout, hot and cold water in every room, public bath and toilet on every floor, three rooms equipped with private bath. Electric bell service and all rooms wired for telephone. Slop sinks on every floor, in fact every convenience as we had never considered for one minute the idea of ever selling our place of business.

The Kengarlan with the adjoining lot now used for garden will be sold together under one bid, the business lot facing on Richmond street will be sold separately. The hotel furniture and stock of goods in Restaurant and Confectionery will not be sold at this sale but will make good price and terms to purchaser of hotel property.

Rates \$3 and \$3.50 per day and as any traveling man will tell you we are full all the time and frequently have to secure rooms outside to take care of our trade. Had expected to enlarge our building, in fact have the plans for same at this time and have the ground which will be sold with the building.

Lancaster is located on the L. and N. R. R. and is one of the best towns in Central Kentucky, a population of about 2000, in one of the richest counties in the State. The Kengarlan is the only Hotel in Lancaster. Will gladly compare receipts with any Hotel in the State located in a town with a population of five thousand.

Terms one third cash October 1st, when possession is given, balance one and two years with 6 per cent. interest on deferred payment with lien retained. \$1000 cash payment or approved bond on day of sale.

Any further particulars call or address

R. Zimmer or J. S. Haselden,

PROPRIETOR

LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

Will appreciate it if my friends among the traveling public and hotel men will aid me in securing a good hotel man to buy the Kengarlan, as I believe that I have one of the best paying hotels in the State and will be glad to produce evidence to one interested. Would consider small farm in Central Kentucky as part payment.

PLEASE DISPLAY IN HOTEL LOBBY.

Optimistic Thought.
False rumors are sparks which if fanned die out of themselves.

TREES

Now is the time to plant your Orchard, Lawn and Garden. Our large descriptive catalog of reliable

Fruit and Shade Trees, Small Fruits, Shrubs, Evergreens, Grape, Asparagus, Seed Potatoes, Strawberries, etc., is free upon inquiry. Write for free Catalogue. No Agents.

H.F. Hillenmeyer & Sons,
Lexington, Kentucky.

Games of Chance.
Lots of women who think it is terrible to gamble will buy cantaloupes and see no harm in it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

New Pleurisy Treatment.
Doctor Auld tells in the British Medical Journal of a chill and fever resembling malaria which he brought on by administering a plethoric compound, and which upon subsiding left the patient in a markedly improved condition. He tried the treatment in cases of pleurisy with good result. It is especially adapted to sluggish cases of localized infection with low fever.

Proverbs Circulate.
Proverbs undoubtedly have a tendency to travel. They are carried from one land to another by emigrants, tourists, missionaries, tradesmen and soldiers; but many which are closely similar doubtless owe their origin to no common stock, but to the common experience of mankind.

European Bee Superstition.
A prevalent superstition in parts of Europe is that bees will either fly away or die on the occasion of a death in the family unless someone knocks at their hive and tells them about it.

Young European Capital.
Petersburg, the capital of Finland, is among the youngest of the European capitals, for it is but little over a hundred years since Czar Alexander I. shortly after the coronation of the grand duke by Russia, transferred the capital thither from Abo, which was, in his opinion, too near Sweden.

Origin of One Proverb.
One obtains historical glimpses in proverbs. The familiar "riding Peter in pay Paul" is said to derive its origin from the fact that in the reign of Edward VI the Duke of St. Peter at Westminster were appropriated to raise money for the repair of St. Paul's.

Platinum in Spain.
Platinum deposits in the south of Spain in a mountainous region known as the Sierra de Ronda, are reported to be extensive. The 12 or 14 rivers of the district may profitably be dredged for platinum gravel for some years to come.

Original Source.
Examiner: "You are quite sure that this is a purely original composition you have handed in? I must say the wording sounds strangely familiar." Plagiarist: "Possibly you have run across some of the words in the dictionary."—Judge.

Intelligent Insects.
The arts of weaving and rope and netmaking are practiced by some of the lower forms of life, notably among caterpillars and spiders. The weaver birds of Africa and India, which are a species of finch, construct wonderful nests out of leaves by sewing them together.

FADS AND FREAKS

Women Unwilling to Spend Time in Pursuing Styles.

What Madame Does Seek for and Will Have is a Certain Distinction of Model.

A study of the lines of three late models from Paris leads one to the conclusion that the most marked variation from the lines of previous frocks is the whitest effect or bulge of material below the elbow. It may be quite truthfully said that this characteristic and the easy line at the waist are the two points most noticeable in the new frocks of the best makers, also of the frocks actually worn by the best dressed women on this side of the water.

Women are so extremely independent nowadays, writes a fashion correspondent, that the arbiters of fashion are finding difficulty in imposing any one style definitely for a season. While women are still quite willing to be well dressed, with all that such an inclusive term implies, they are not willing to spend all their time in chasing elusive fads and freaks of fashions. A few slight changes gradually wrought are all the dictators can hope for. At the same time what madame does seek for and will have is a certain distinction of model and a perfection of workmanship that lesser mortals cannot hope to attain.

Certain changes in styles are said to be in the course of construction, but, in spite of all secrecy, we are fairly well aware of what we are to expect and with our new found freedom are inclined to take the news calmly.

The changes foreshadowed are usually not so extraordinary after all, when we come to find out what they are, for the real changes are the ones we unconsciously feel ourselves ready to put into practice.

If the supposed changes really take place we shall take on the shape of inverted pyramids, the widest part at the top. The women of good taste, however, have these lines modified to a point where they are neither outrageous nor disfiguring.

Fortunately the lines proposed are susceptible of a great deal of beauty. If treated with moderation and if most be admitted a great deal of skill. Narrow skirts and drapery are not easy, and wide effects above and about the waist are not always becoming to the figure.

Seemingly the coming styles cannot fail to please most of us, however, for adaptability and suitability are both terms which can be applied to them.

Skirts shown in the early spring are evidently going to be continued through the season. They may be either elegant and snappy or dignified and stately, according to the wearer and her tastes. We have from time to time been hearing about skirts lifted or pulled up at the front, or just each side of it, but either these skirts did not appeal or we are to hear from them later. The skirt lifted up at the back has taken better with the well-dressed woman.

The drapery caught at the back narrows the line gracefully at the feet, and for the young woman, a trifle shorter at the back it has an air of quaintness, particularly when accompanied with the peasant apron and single blouse.

STOCK AND TAILORED VEST



Smartly mannish stock and tailored vest of striped linen for wear with the tailored suit.

Hate of Navy Blue.
One of the features of the color demand of late in practically all kinds of merchandise has been the increasing call for navy blue. While this color is always a staple in women's outer garments, until a comparatively recent time, it was not very much in the running this season where millinery, hosiery, blouses, etc., were concerned. Now, however, navy blue hats are very much wanted, and bid fair to top the color demand until warmer weather hails over the palm to white. Navy hosiery for women, particularly in the better grades, is also much sought and some too plentiful. Navy blouses duplicate this condition, from all accounts.

ROMANCE IN KHAKI

By MARY BRODERICK

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"The flag has come, girls, and such a beauty," Alice Davis announced to her sisters as they gathered around the table for the evening meal.

"That makes me think, Julia," the other sister joined in. "I saw Red Taylor in town this afternoon, and he certainly looked well. He came in on the afternoon train, and if I'm not mistaken, was in a soldier's uniform, too. Better not show his face 'round these quarters, though, eh, Julia?" she continued.

Julia said nothing, but if it were not for the gathering twilight the others might have noted the tears in her eyes. For "Red Taylor" was a name she was trying to put out of her mind, and finding it so hard to do. The meal finished and her sisters on their way to keep the evening's engagement, Julia went out to the shed for the ladder, preparatory to the unfastening of "Old Glory." Carrying it around to the front of the house, she braced it against the balcony over the large piazza, and with the flag, a beautiful silk one, and a new staff on her arm, ascended to her lofty position and was soon busily engaged.

She was, in fact, so hard at work that the buzz of little voices below failed to attract her attention.

"Cheese it, Jimmie," a two-headed chap was muttering into the ear of his companion. "Shall I hear us," all the time tugging vigorously at the ladder. Finally, their evil purpose accomplished, the two disappeared around the corner of the house, a boy at each end of the ladder snickering at the joke they were playing on Aunt Julia.

First a pale redness for each they were, fore the reputation in the neighborhood of young fellows, and it is safe to say they did not have to work overtime for live up to that reputation.

If our little patriot failed to witness the valiantness of her young nephews, a soldier of Uncle Sam coming rapidly down the street, did not. For he came to an abrupt halt at the corner.

As Julia prepared to descend to her room, and realized the predicament she was in, a little cry escaped her. "Well, I suppose there's nothing to do now but to wait for the girls to come home," she bravely exclaimed, sinking down on the floor of the balcony.

It was practically dark, and the loneliness of the silent street appalled her so that she was soon in tears. Try hard as she might, she could not keep her thoughts from reverting back to the evening meal and to what her sister had said of Red Taylor. He who had betrayed his trust. She found herself saying his name over and over, when suddenly from the darkness below came a voice:

"Can I be of any assistance?" Julia jumped to her feet, and peered over the balcony to see the form of a man in the shadows below. She made no reply until it came again.

"Might I be of some assistance?" Her voice a trifle hesitantly returned: "Why, yes, if you will get a ladder from the back shed, and let me down, I will be greatly obliged."

The sound of retreating footsteps told her he was at her bidding, and soon he was back again. She heard him putting the ladder in place, and to her surprise heard his footsteps on the rungs. Evidently he was testing its steadiness. No, he was coming up, and Julia peered again over the balcony. As he neared the top she found herself looking into a pair of brown eyes, eyes she knew, and which held her speechless for the moment.

"Red Taylor," she exclaimed after a long minute. "Why are you here, and where did you come from?"

"Why, Julia," he answered, "I have come for you, of course. And why not, dear. Didn't you receive my message?"

"But—I don't understand," she returned. "You have never even answered my letters, and I have received no message from you, no, not even a word since you left me." Backing away from the railing as she spoke.

"Can I be possible, Julia?" he returned. "True, I have been ill in camp, and quarantined for the last three months, in fact so ill I could receive no letters and, of course, could not write, but I did try to send you messages through the boys, but I guess it was no avail after all. I just recently obtained my furlough, and came as quickly as possible."

"But—your marriage," she interrupted. "One of the girls read about it in the paper and told me—"

"Oh, you little goose," he shouted in glee, then more soberly: "Did you not trust me more than that, little girl? The only marriage I was in was a mock one, and then I was the bride. Just a little fun the fellows were having to pass the time away, while I was recuperating. I will show you the picture."

But there was no need for further words, for Julia held out her hands, and with a bound the young soldier was over the balcony rail, where in the shadow of the stars and stripes the clouds for the young lovers were all rolled away.

The moon and the stars came out in the heavens one by one, but one little star, brighter than all the rest in Julia's eyes. Red took from his pocket and placed on the third finger of her left hand, whose light, the light of love, was to guide them to their new-found happiness.

A REAL FARM

AT

AUCTION

The Ed Perkins or W. B. Maynard Land

ONE MILE FROM CAMP DICK ROBINSON.

BEST SECTION IN GARRARD COUNTY;

BEST SECTION OF KENTUCKY;

BEST SECTION OF THE WORLD, and one of the BEST FARMS in the section.

MONDAY, AUG 12th
10:00 A. M. RAIN OR SHINE

This fine farm of 184 acres is now being subdivided in tracts of 25 acres up and will be sold to the high dollar on easy terms. This not only producing land, every acre of it, but land that is well located; 7 miles from Danville, 7 miles from Lancaster, in a neighborhood of good people, the kind you like to live amongst and raise your children with.

We contracted last Winter with the owner for the sale of this land, otherwise it would not be on the market at any price to-day. It will sell cheaper on the 12th than it will ever sell again.

HANDSOME SOUVENIRS WILL BE GIVEN AT THIS SALE, AND COL. W. H. MATTHEWS, THE GENIAL CAROLINA AUCTIONEER WILL DO THE SELLING.

Each tract will have an unusually broad frontage on the pike, as this farm is surrounded by the pike on two sides, and on the third side it borders a good gravel road. An ideal farm to subdivide. You remember the scramble last Winter for lands; tobacco will be 25 to 50 per cent. higher this year, as it has already sold on the Carolina market 50 per cent. higher for the 1918 crop. Buy now and avoid the RUSH!

THE UNITED REALTY CO.

O. T. WALLACE, GENERAL MANAGER.

"SQUARE DEAL OR NO DEAL".

Dinner will be Served on the Ground by the Bryantsville Ladies of the Red Cross.

Spencerian Commercial School
A REGULARLY INCORPORATED INSTITUTION OF LEARNING
321 GUTHRIE STREET, North of Postoffice LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Trains young men and women for Business or Civil Service positions. All who desire to qualify for either or both lines of employment should write for full information at once.

W. O. RIGNEY.

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Office Phone 18.

Residence Phone 33.

Lancaster.

Kentucky.

EDWARD SPENCER, President
CHAS. C. HARRIS, Vice President
R. H. LINDBLEY, Secretary

**OFFICIAL PREST-O-LITE
Battery Service Station**

All makes of Storage Batteries repaired, and charged.

New Batteries to fit any make of car now carried in stock. Send us your Magnetoes and Generators for repair.

FOR SALE.

New 1918 Dodge, Extra Tire and Bumper, \$950.00

1914 Buick extra Tire Starter, \$500.00

1916 Overland extra Tire, starter \$350.

One Ton Trailer, New, \$175.00.

The Danville Buick Co

L. B. CONN, Proprietor.

Walnut Street.

Danville, Kentucky.

FARM STOCK

INTERESTING BOYS IN SHEEP

Much Can Be Done by Well-Ordered Course of Instruction—Know Demands of Buyers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Sheep raising offers one of the most attractive opportunities in the livestock industry at the present time. There is a demand for purebred sheep for breeding, and for mutton and wool. One of the best ways to create interest in sheep raising is to teach the subject properly to boys in the secondary schools. In the opinion of a specialist in agricultural education with the United States department of agriculture, many rural districts of the United States are not awake to the opportunity connected with sheep raising. declares this specialist, in introducing a new publication of the department, Bulletin 533, "Judging Sheep as the Subject of Instruction in the Secondary School."

Much can be done toward arousing an interest not only among the boys but among the farmers of a community



Wool and Mutton Type.

by a well-ordered course of instruction which permits not only class instruction but also allows the boys to do their own laboratory work by keeping a few sheep at home on their own account.

Confining a study of stock judging to purebred animals may furnish a good foundation for the training of a show room judge, says the writer of the publication, but it does not give the training needed by many farmers in the corn belt and other territory adjacent to the large markets where feeder sheep are purchased and fattened. A knowledge of types of purebreds grown in the community is helpful, but it is important for the farmer to know the classifications and demands of the market buyers. This knowledge can be given to the pupils only by studying market classes and grades. In each community instruction which will be helpful in meeting the practical problems common to the particular form of the industry practiced in the community should be given. In connection with this study visits to packing houses and stock yards conducted by the instructor may be made very profitable features of the study, it is said.

BEST TO AVOID PNEUMONIA

Always Tendency Among Pigs to Pile Up in Bad for Purpose of Keeping Warm in Winter.

During cold weather there is always a tendency for pigs to pile up in their bed for the purpose of keeping warm. Then some of them will become heated up, and when they are routed out and become exposed to the cold weather many of them will contract pneumonia. Once this disease attacks a pig it nearly always causes death. If death does not ensue, there may be a cough, difficult breathing and, what is of greater importance, a stunted condition and dwarfed size that makes rapid and profitable growth impossible.

FEED SKIM MILK WITH CORN

Favorable Results Obtained by Indiana Experiment Station With Growing Pigs.

The Indiana experiment station has recently issued a bulletin showing the results of feeding skim milk in connection with corn, and it is very favorable to the use of skim milk and shows that it can be used to greater profit with corn for growing pigs than can tankage.

PALATABLE FEED FOR STOCK

Excellent Formula Given for Cows in Milk and for Brood Sows With Young Pigs.

Corn fodder cut fine, thrown into a water-tight feed trough and mixed with ground corn and colts meal, ground oats and just enough boiling water to soften the stalks will make a most palatable ration for cows in milk and for brood sows with young pigs.

Grain-Fed Pigs on Pasture.

Pigs, grain-fed on pasture, will gain a pound or more a day from weaning to a weight of 200 to 250 pounds, while those getting little or no grain will gain but one-half to three-fourths of a pound per day.

Best Roughage for Colts.

Well-cured alfalfa hay free from dust is one of the best roughages for colts, but it generally is economical to supplement it with other roughage such as timothy, mixed hay or corn fodder.

Land, Stock, Crop and Farm Implements

OF
HAGARD KING
AT

PUBLIC AUCTION

Thursday, August 15th,
AT NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.

IN GARRARD COUNTY, FOUR MILES FROM LANCASTER, FALL LICK PIKE.

DESCRIPTION:—136 acres, level, fertile, high state of cultivation, no waste land, well and conveniently fenced, everlasting water. Eight room brick house, two halls, three porches, beautiful lawn, large shade trees, fine orchard. An ideal home.

To See This Farm is to Want to Own it.

Large stock barn, tobacco barn, cribs, sheds, poultry houses and yards, and all necessary out-buildings. 40 acres in corn, 11 acres in tobacco, balance in grass.

A TRACTOR FARM.

Will be sold in different tracts, or as a whole, and with or without the crops, and possession at once, or January 1, 1919, just to suit the prospective purchaser. Will be sold on easy terms.

STOCK: 1 pair of 8 year old mare mules, 1 eight year old horse, 1 four year old driving mare, 3 jersey cows and calves, 2 red cows and calves, 1 Herford cow and calf, one Poll Angus Bull.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS: 1 Avery tractor, with gang plows, 2 two-horse wagons, 2 riding cultivators, disc-harrow, section harrow, mower and rake, culti-packer, wheat drill, check row planter, 2 buggies and harness, 3 one-horse cultivators, 2 40-Oliver plows, one manure spreader, a lot of chickens, wagon harness, plow gear, and everything used on a good farm.

A lot of timothy hay, clover hay, and baled straw.

DINNER SERVED. PRESENTS AND MONEY GIVEN AWAY.

This land will certainly sell to the high dollar. A fair, square deal and no buy bidders. When I offer land the purchaser fixes the price and I always sell, so come and get a bargain. Land values are still on the increase.

For further particulars inquire of

SWINEBROAD,

THE REAL ESTATE MAN OF LANCASTER, KY

COV

Messrs. Dela Scott and Tobin Perry of Nicholasville, have returned to their home after a visit with Mrs. Mary A. Sanders.

Bennett Sanders of Crab Orchard, is visiting his cousin, Thompson Sanders, a few days this week.

Fresh car line just in. Sand, Cement, Rock, Brick, Kanawha Salt. Hudson, Hughes & Farnau.

Mr. and Mrs. De Duncan and little daughter, Hattie B., Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Preston, Mr. Tevis Preston and daughter, Miss Carrie, motored to Huena Vista, Sunday and were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Duncan.

Mr. Robert Carter and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Walker Burdett, Sunday.

Mrs. R. Z. Price, of Hackley, visited her daughter, Mrs. Robert Carter last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sanders, Mr. James I. Sanders and wife, Miss Angle and Peaville Mae Sannern were entertained to dinner, Sunday, by Mr.

and Mrs. J. B. Johnson at Lancaster.

Sanders Bros., purchased another Aberdeen Angus heifer from Tennessee last week for \$500.00.

Joe Turner is quite ill at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Rayston Ray were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. E. McMillan Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rayston Ray were week end guest of relatives in Madison.

Bruises and Sprains

Have Sloan's Liniment handy for bruises and sprains and all pains and aches. Quick relief follows its prompt application. No need to rub. For rheumatic aches, neuralgia, stiff muscles, lame back, lumbago, gout, strains, and sprains, it gives quick relief.

Generous sized bottles.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN

PAINT LICK

ROOMS FOR RENT All conveniences for light house keeping.

Mrs. W. F. Parks.

Miss Eva McWhorter is visiting relatives in Bowling Green.

Mr. W. R. Conn was a visitor in Lexington, Sunday.

Mr. E. F. Hedrick and Mr. Chas. Hedrick of Lexington, visited relatives here recently.

Mr. and Mrs. William Davis have returned to their home in Jackson and were accompanied by her mother Mrs. W. F. Parks.

Mrs. A. G. Botner and son, Harold have returned home after a few weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Churchill.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown were the guest of Miss Nannie Campbell Saturday.

Mrs. R. L. Hill and little son, Robert, Jr., have returned to their home in Tennessee, after spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Anderson.

The Paint Lick Garage sold a Chevrolet Touring Car this week, to H. L. Brown.

Mrs. Cortison of Highland Park, Louisville, has returned home after a pleasant visit of several weeks to her daughter, Mrs. Fred Hall.

Mr. John McWhorter of Crab Orchard, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. A. B. Estridge.

Mr. John McWhorter of Crab Orchard, was the guest Saturday of Mr. and Mrs. Harry McWhorter.

Mrs. R. G. Woods and Mrs. F. H. Smith were in Lexington, Friday.

R. G. Woods and D. M. White were in Lexington, Friday.

Miss Margaret French in at home from Middleboro where she has held a position for some time.

The little pony belonging to Miss Mabel Hall became frightened and ran off Friday morning. The cart was completely demolished but fortunately no one was in the cart, no one was hurt.

Mrs. Hubert Elin in in Middleboro the guest of her sister, Mrs. Arthur Breeze.

IN WAR TIME

By LIZZIE M. PEABODY.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Wearing her brother's farming clothes Harriet Wynne, with mischievous black eyes, cheeks glowing through tan, and her thick dark hair cut short, looked as nearly like a healthy, handsome boy as a girl could look, as she planted and hoed, on the sunny hillside of her father's farm. Suddenly she threw down the hoe, examined the blistered palms of her hands, and then glanced at the sun. It's near lunch time, she thought.

Dropping to the ground, she pulled the wide, soft brim of her hat over her face, shut her eyes and rolled away on her course toward the fragrant purple blue bush, which grew near the open gateway by the quiet country road.

Meanwhile the shade and moon had tempted young Sergeant Ames, and he had just sent himself on the old bench beneath the big bush when he espied the supposed boy rolling toward him. That in how it happened that Miss Harriet arrived at the goal flushed, breathless and smiling, to look into the twinkling blue eyes of a young stranger in the khaki uniform of the U. S. A.

Her first thought was to apologize for her unladylike behavior; her second to act as well as possible the part which she had assumed. "Rolling stones gather no moss, but rolling boys gather lots of mud and grass stains," remarked the stranger; and Harriet, astonished, angry and a bit envious, for she envied the right of every man to wear a soldier's uniform, copied her brother's manner as she tartly replied: "I suppose you've heard of the man who once made a fortune by mindizing his own business."

The sergeant laughed good naturedly as he said, "You win, but are you always so grouchy just before dinner time? I'm hungry enough to be grouchy myself." Harriet's answer was to reach lustily for her lunch and divide with him; and they grew very friendly, as they ate, although she talked very little, fearing to betray her secret.

Sergeant Ames, liking the shy boy, who proved to be much an attentive listener, talked freely. "Tomorrow," he said, "I go back to camp. Soon after that we shall be on our way to France, and we shall be glad to go. Our men are the equal of any in the world, if not better than most."

Looking at his watch, he exclaimed, "Well! 'Tis time to go!" and rose from the bench.

It was then that Harriet, as she saw him standing there looking "every inch a soldier," suddenly discovered that wherever this boy went her heart would go with him. "Shall I write?" he asked, and she answered eagerly: "If you will, I am Harry Wynne of Hillcrest." "I am Joe Ames," he returned, "and will send my address." Then he strode away after saying goodbye; and for Harriet, the long waiting time began. After a seemingly endless time the letter came. A brave and cheerful letter; and among camp happenings he wrote: "O Boy of the Lilac Bush, you never can imagine things as they are here, or the thrill with which we think of the wonderful things which may happen between dawn and dusk, and dusk and dawn; but I'm glad to be here to do a man's part."

She wrote him cheerily, courage-inspiring letters on the dreary winter passed, and then a letter came from a kindly nurse who wrote that he was in the hospital and wounded.

Harriet sat down to write immediately, hoping to catch the next mail; and wrote so hurriedly that she had no time to read what she had written; but she had not heard from him since. She was thinking of him as she sat knitting on the vine-shaded, flower-scented porch one beautiful afternoon, and looked up quickly as a man stepped up onto the porch floor. Suddenly her face went white, as with a lustrous, pained glance she noted the empty sleeve; and she rose quickly, and with a sob threw her arms around his neck.

The pretty girl in the fluffy white dress had entirely forgotten her role as a boy, but when the newly promoted Lieutenant Ames, rising nobly to the occasion, placed his right arm around her and gently drawing her to a chair, sat down beside her, she remembered, and blushing deeply, whispered: "Had you guessed?"

"Not until your last letter," he replied, softly, "although all your letters puzzled me. I wondered how a mere boy could write such wise, helpful, hopeful letters. In the last, I think you forgot the part you were playing, and wrote your thoughts as they came to you. When I read this: 'Every day my heart and thoughts go out to you, and every day I pray for your safe return,' I stopped to review in my mind the little incidents of the day I met you, and it came to me that a little black-eyed girl had been joking, and that the joke had been upon yours truly; but I enjoyed it so immensely that the doctors and nurses wondered at my suddenly regained spirits and frequent smiles. Soon after that, I was ordered home."

"And you will stay over here now?" asked Harriet, wistfully. "I don't know," he answered thoughtfully, "but work which will count for our side will be found for my good right arm, and if you will agree to help me continue to keep my faith and courage, I can still help to 'carry on.'"

"I agree," Harriet said, with sparkling eyes.

MARKSBURY

Mrs. B. K. Swape spent Thursday with Miss Fanny Sutton, of Lancaster.

Mrs. Hogar and daughter, Miss Myrtle, were the guests Saturday of Mrs. John Swape.

Pure wheat bran, mixed feed, velvet bean meal, wheat middlings.

Hudson, Hughes & Farnau.

Miss Bessie Hoge, of Junction City who has been spending a week with her aunt, Mrs. John Swape, returned home, Sunday.

Messrs. Minnie, Bettis and John Doty, were the guests Thursday, of Mrs. Theo Dunn, of the Bryantville section.

Mr. Green Estes has been ill for a few days.

Miss Elizabeth Doty, Irene Aldridge, Mr. Sadler and Mr. Rodger, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dunn, of Bryantville.

Mrs. J. W. Mahan has returned from Newcomb, Tenn., where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Smith.

Mr. John Sutton is erecting a new two story residence on the site of the old one.

William Kelley, (colored) was seriously injured by falling from a building on which he was working at Ruons Creek. It was about three days before he was able to be moved home.

Mrs. Carl Curtis and Miss Hendrixson, who united with the church several months ago were baptized, Wednesday afternoon, by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Mahan.

The meeting at Pleasant Grove church is still in progress with two additional toasts. The meeting is conducted by the pastor, with good crowds each night.

BUCKEYE

Mr. Robt Whittaker of Madison bought a cow from Mr. A. C. Miles for \$100.00.

Mrs. Lillian Elkin and children of Illinois, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Murphey.

Mr. Willie Simpson of Denver, Colo., and Mr. Mike Simpson of Camp Taylor, are with their mother, Mrs. Mary Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Carter visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Carter, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Moberly and daughter, of Kirksville, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Ebb Moberly.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cotton and children visited Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cotton, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Miles and Mrs. Louie Noel, were in Danville, Sunday, to see Mrs. Albie Bogie, who is there in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillard Miles of Nicholasville, and Mr. Mrs. Hubert Carter of Bryantville were the guests last Wednesday of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Miles.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kurtz of Harrodsburg, spent the week end with his brother, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Kurtz.

Little Misses Hazel, Mary and Althea Bogie are spending a few days with their grand mother, Mrs. L. Noel.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Layton and daughter, Anna, were guests Sunday, of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Noel.

Rev. D. F. Sebastian will fill his regular appointment here Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning.

Miss Mary Elith Walker, of Lancaster, is spending a few days with Miss Francis Long.

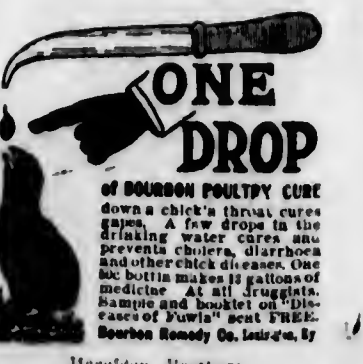
Messrs. W. H. Gallely, R. W. Sanders, Jasper Noel, Herbert Whittaker Earl Carter, and William Anderson, motored to Louisville, Sunday, to visit the Camp.

Miss Lura Schooler, of Madison, spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Jasper Noel.

Pure wheat bran, mixed feed, velvet bean meal, wheat middlings.

Hudson, Hughes & Farnau.

Mr. Robert Long told to Mr. W. E. Whittaker, of Nina, his stock of goods. Mr. Whittaker has almost completed his new store which was destroyed by fire.



ONE DROP

of SOREBON POULTY CURE
down a chick's throat cures
gapes. A few drops in the
drinking water cures and
prevents cholera, diarrhoea
and other chick diseases. One
bottle makes 10 gallons of
medicine. At all druggists.
Bottle and booklet sent FREE
on receipt of 10¢.

Sorebon Remedy Co., Inc., N.Y.

Haskell Brothers

Great Combination SHEEP Sale

1500 RAMS AND EWES.
AT TATTERSALLS, LEXINGTON, KY.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14th, 1918

400 PURE BRED RAMS AND EWES.

HAMPSHIRE, SOUTH DOWNS, SHROPSHIRE, OXFORDS
AND CHEVIOTS.

From all the best flocks in Kentucky, and from several of the Champion flocks in America.

1100 GRADE EWES.

The Place to buy a Ram to head a pure-bred flock.

The place to buy Rams for farmers' use.

The place to buy pure-bred Ewes for a foundation flock.

The place to buy grade Ewes in lots of fifteen to fifty.

FOR INFORMATION WRITE:

L. B. SHROPSHIRE, Secretary.
604 Republic Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Robt. S. Blastock,
C. W. McFerran, Jr.,

P. B. Gaines,
William Reid,
Sales Committee.

CHARLES R. THOMPSON, Sales Manager.

NOTICE

All persons having LIBERTY BONDS of the First and Second Issue with this bank, and who want the same converted into bonds bearing 4 1-4 per cent interest will please notify us as soon as possible so that we may arrange for the conversion. Respectfully,

W. F. CHAMP, Cashier.

The Citizens National Bank
OF LANCASTER, KY.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF LANCASTER.

Capital \$50,000. Surplus \$30,000.

A. B. DENNY, President
J. F. STORMES, Vice Pres.
S. C. DENNY, Cashier.
J. E. Hays, Asst. Cashier. J. L. Gilt, Asst. Cashier.

Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent.

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS

G. B. Swartz, Asst. Cashier. J. H. Pusey, J. E. Stormes, S. C. Denny, J. L. Gilt, Dr. W. M. Elliott, Directors.

OPEN ALL NIGHT

WHEN YOU NEED

Gasoline, Oil and Tires

Remember the

Rex Garage

KINNAIRD BROTHERS, Proprietors.

HUPMOBILE, CHANDLER, DODGE

USES FOR BLOTTING PAPER

Discarded Absorbent Will Serve Many Purposes About the Home in Emergencies.

Save every piece of blotting paper that comes into your home, even those that have advertising upon them, for besides being useful in the writing desk it is very practical for absorbing other things about the house besides ink.

A piece of blotting paper put under table mats wherever vases of flowers are in use will protect the polish of the table from dew drops from the flowers or any dampness that seeps from porous pottery.

To press out light grease spots a piece of clean blotting paper placed under the fabric to absorb the grease will cause the spots to disappear, usually, when a hot flatiron is pressed directly on the spot.

When the children apply for "paint rags" for water color painting a square of blotting paper is a fine substitute, for it absorbs the color and water from a wet paint brush immediately and is less "messy." In drying paint-brushes the same blotter can be used again.

In cooking greasy things, such as croquettes, doughnuts and potato chips, a large square of clean blotting paper on which to drain these foods as they come out from the frying kettle helps make them more appetizing, beautiful and drier to look upon.

When water is spilled upon any delicate table cover an immediate application of fresh blotting paper will preserve it in good condition. When any liquid is spilled upon the tablecloth a small square blotter will absorb it quicker and more satisfactorily than wiping up with a cloth.

CARE OF CUTICLE AND NAILS

Beautiful Hand Often Marred by Lack of Attention When It Is Most Needed.

Your nails may be entirely sloped, but what care are you giving to the cuticle?

A lovely hand and fine, oval nails are often marred by a tough or a ragged cuticle.

So many persons in an endeavor to care for their hands themselves completely spoil the shape of the nails by maltreatment of the cuticle.

While cutting the cuticle isn't injurious when the work is skillfully done, states an authority, it is best not to have the cuticle cut when you can possibly avoid it. A tendency to stimulate the growth of hard skin around the nail is promoted by cutting the cuticle.

However, if you've neglected to care for the cuticle for any length of time you will find that it has grown stubborn and thick. Naturally, it will require loosening and cutting so that the much desired half-moon may show.

DICTATES OF FASHION

Cape gloves show a new color called mahogany.

Entire gowns are still made of flesh-colored crepe.

The favored heels are low French and Cuban military.

The new current reds are used to brighten dull gowns.

Pique collars, cuffs and belts appear on silk dresses.

Crystal collars, cuffs and belts appear on silk dresses.

Bodices in various forms appear on little girls' dresses.

Smart tailored suits have edges bound with silk braid.

Smart dresses for children are made of silk gingham.

Sashes are frequently lined with a contrasting material.

A velvet blouse with cream white buttons is striking.

Trimming a hat is a simple matter when a wreath of roses around the crown is fashionable.

SPORT SUIT, NORFOLK STYLE



No design for this summer's wear is more attractive or rich than this sport suit in Norfolk style, made of fiber silk in light blue and trimmed with novelty buttons in blue and white.

RESULTS TELL

There Can Be No Doubt About the Results in Lancaster.

Results tell the tale.

All doubt is removed.

The testimony of a Lancaster citizen.

Can be easily investigated.

What better proof can be had?

John Trimble, Stanford Pike, Lancaster, says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills with benefit when my kidneys have been out of order. I suffered from weakness and dull pains across my back and loins. At times, I couldn't do any stooping over or lift on account of the sharp pains in my back. My kidneys acted irregularly, too. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved the pains in my back and put my kidneys in good condition."

Price 60cts, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Dr. Trimble had. Foster-McIlhenny Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Trial by Ordeal.

If a theft takes place in a Japanese household, all servants are required to write a certain word with the same brush. The conscience is supposed to betray its workings in the waves of the ideographs written. Trading an ideograph involves such an effort of muscular directness and undivided attention that this device often leads to the discovery of the guilty party. The test is, at all events, more humane than the ordeal of boiling water, to which accused persons were formerly submitted in Japan.

Thousands of ants in hill. An ant hill two feet in height contains about 25,000 ants, according to the observations and counting, extending over two years, carried out by a well-known naturalist.

Eyes Tested Free

FARMES
FITTED



Broken Lens, Temples, and Bridges
Duplicated.

Repairing done promptly on Watches, Clocks
and Jewelry.

Office over Mount's Hardware Store.

Hours—8 to 12

1 to 4 p. m.

J. M. METCALF
OPTICIAN.

LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.



Draw A Check

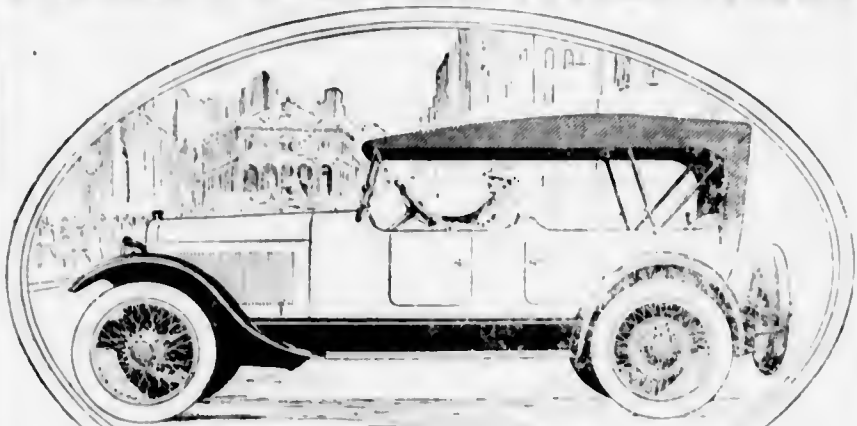
for the money you owe and note how much more respectfully your creditors regard you. They like to do business with a man who has an account at the

Garrard Bank & Trust Co.

They know he is doing business in a business like way. Better open such an account even if your affairs are not large. They will grow all right.

The Garrard Bank & Trust Company

CHANDLER SIX Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



Thousands Delighted With New Chandler Dispatch

THOUSANDS of men and women throughout America have declared the Chandler Dispatch Car is the most beautiful new model that the motor car industry has produced this year. As many as could get their orders filled have purchased the Chandler Dispatch.

You may see this car now from coast to coast. And you cannot mistake it, for there is no other car of the new four-passenger type with such graceful lines suggestive of speed and service, no other with such beauty of finish.

No illustration can do more than give a hint of the beauty of the Chandler Dispatch. High hood and radiator, low body lines and striking finish in electric blue, 32-inch wheels and two of special design combine to distinguish, in appearance, this car among all others.

And the famous Chandler motor, now in its sixth year of production without radical changes but with constant refinement throughout that period, distinguishes this and all other Chandler models in a vital mechanical way.

Come Choose Your Chandler Now
SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1795 Four-Passenger Roadster, \$1795
Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, \$1875; Five White Wire Wheels, \$100 Extra
Convertible Sedan, \$2495 Convertible Coupe, \$2795 Limousine, \$3095
All prices f.o.b. Cleveland

KINNAIRD BROS., GARAGE, LANCASTER

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

But Hardly to an Ounce.

Pat had applied for a job as butler, so the man of the house, after many questions, asked him: "Do you know your way to luncheon?" Pat, thinking he asked, "Do you know your weight to an ounce?" replied: "Begorra, I don't, sir, but I know it to a pound or two."

Polishing Steel.

A finely polished lustrous surface can be produced on steel by rubbing, after tempering, on a smooth iron surface with some ground oilstone till it is perfectly smooth, after which it should be held on a sheet of paper and rubbed backward and forward until it acquires a fine dead finish.

Saturday, August 24th

AT 9 O'CLOCK A. M., I WILL SELL AT

PUBLIC AUCTION

240 Acres Of Land

For J. L. Butler

Also a Lot of Live Stock and FARM IMPLEMENTS

Will be sold in **TWO OR THREE TRACTS OF 100, 120 OR 140 ACRES, OR AS A WHOLE TO SUIT THE PURCHASER.**
TWO SETS OF IMPROVEMENTS.

LOCATION:—Lincoln County, Kentucky, near the Boyle County line, 5 1-2 miles from Danville, 5 miles from Stanford, on the short pike running from Danville and Stanford pike to the Danville and Hustonville pike, one half mile from the Danville and Stanford pike

DESCRIPTION:—This land is **FRESH** and **FERTILE** and in a high state of cultivation. Crops as follows: 65 acres in corn, 50 acres of wheat and barley, 13 acres of tobacco, 28 acres of hemp, 5 acres of cow peas and potatoes, **BALANCE IN GRASS AND CLOVER.**

Nearly all the Land in Cultivation Broken out of **BLUE-GRASS SOD** this year

25 acres WILL BE PLOWED READY for the purchaser to sow in wheat or other small grain.

IMPROVEMENTS:—Bungalow of 5 rooms, porches all around; 7 acre tobacco barn, cribs, ice house, dairy house, large stock barn, stock scales, and other out buildings. The other improvements consist of a 5 room bungalow, porches, 7 1-2 acre tobacco and stock barn, cellar, smoke house and other out buildings. Cistern at each set of improvements. Metal roof on both houses. Also a tenant house.

Fencing good, **DIVIDED INTO CONVENIENT FIELDS**, Everlasting water in every field. Springs are all equipped with **LARGE CONCRETE WATER TROUGHS.**

This land has been well taken care of and is ready to "**PUNCH.**" **SEEING IS BELIEVING. LOOK AT THE GROWING CROPS** and be **CONVINCED.** The land is **gently rolling** and **easily cultivated.** Located on one pike and one half mile from two main pikes, the Knob Lick Pike and the Danville and Stanford pike.

THIS FARM WILL SELL TO THE HIGH DOLLAR. READY TO CULTIVATE AND PAY FOR ITSELF.

A WHEAT CORN HEMP AND TOBACCO FARM

LIVE STOCK AND FARM IMPLEMENTS TO BE SOLD.

Three fresh Jersey cows and calves; two Poll Angus cows and calves; 1 Holstein cow and calf; 1 Hereford cow and calf, these cows are all dandy milkers and fine butter cows, 15 head of extra yearling and two-year old cattle, 15 fine Duroc sows with five to eleven pigs each; 30 head of good stock hogs, 125 to 150 pounds; 35 head of stock hogs, weigh about 100 pounds; 1 Fine Duroc Boar and 8 brood sows ready to farrow; 1 six year old coach horse, good worker; 1 pair of extra good mules, wagon and harness, 1 sixteen hand horse mule, 1 six year old gray mare mule, another extra pair of mules, wagon and harness; 1 pair of large 12 year old mare mules; 1 Deering binder; 1 new culti-packer, cream separator, hog house, cattle troughs and a lot of other things.

MONEY AND PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY AT THE SALE. DINNER ON THE GROUND. This will be one of the **BIG SALES OF THE YEAR.** **DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th, IS THE DATE.**

SWINEBROAD

The Real Estate Man.

Lancaster, Kentucky.